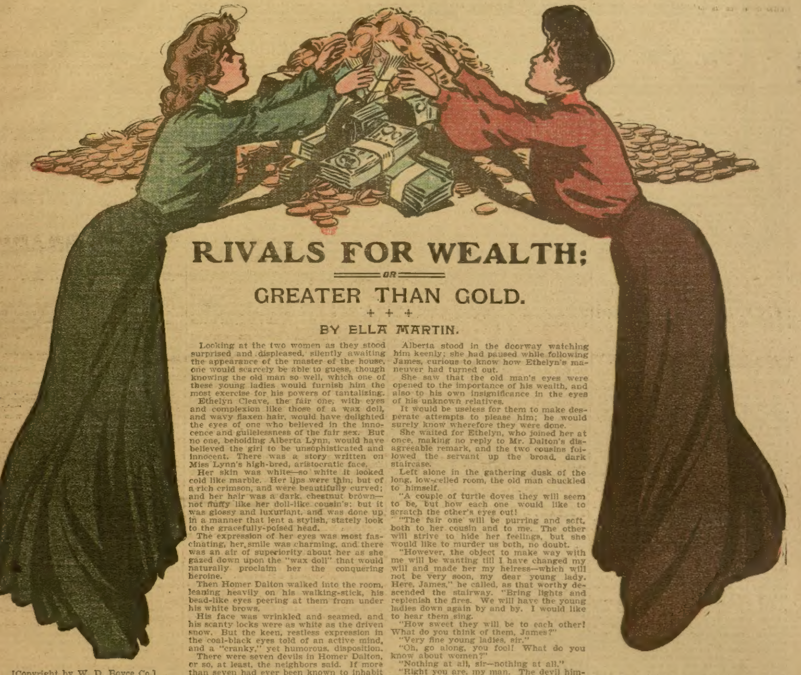
READ "THE CURSE OF THE GEISHA GIRL," BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXII, NO. 24. — CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1904. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



RIVALS FOR WEALTH;

OR

GREATER THAN GOLD.

+ + +

BY ELLA MARTIN.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVALS.

They stood facing each other in the gloom of the old parlor, the two lately arrived nieces of the master of the old mansion.

Their arrival had been simultaneous, as their kinsman had meant it should be, for some unexplainable reason of his own. But they had come by different routes, and somehow it had happened that they had been shown into the gloomy parlor, each in ignorance of the other's very existence. Then, being left alone, they found themselves face to face, taking each other's measure, as it were, and each divining the reason for the other's presence in the house.

One might ask why old man Dalton should care to bring together two young and beautiful women beneath his roof, after planting in each one's breast a hope that she, and she alone, would inherit at his death the vast fortune of the last of the Daltons.

But Homer Dalton had his own reasons for such questionable conduct. He had lived a long life and in his day had had some experiences with women. What the experiences were was not generally known; but he held, it was quite evident, a very bitter spite against the sex. And deep and intriguing as he claimed them to be, it was his boast that he had never been worsted in any dealing he had had with any one of them.

It seemed as if he lived chiefly for the experiences he could get out of the sex he claimed to hate, but who attracted him nevertheless.

Looking at the two women as they stood surprised and displeased, silently awaiting the appearance of the master of the house, one would scarcely be able to guess, though knowing the old man so well, which one of these young ladies would furnish him the most exercise for his powers of tantalizing.

Ethelyn Cleave, the fair one, with eyes and complexion like those of a wax doll, and wavy flaxen hair, would have delighted the eyes of one who believed in the innocence and guilelessness of the fair sex. But no one, beholding Alberta Lynn, would have believed the girl to be unsophisticated and innocent. There was a story written on Miss Lynn's high-bred, aristocratic face.

Her skin was white—so white it looked cold like marble. Her lips were thin, but of a rich crimson, and were beautifully curved; and her hair was a dark, chestnut brown—not fluffy like her doll-like cousin's; but it was glossy and luxuriant, and was done up in a manner that lent a stylish, stately look to the gracefully-poised head.

The expression of her eyes was most fascinating, her smile was charming, and there was an air of superiority about her as she gazed down upon the "wax doll" that would naturally proclaim her the conquering heroine.

Then Homer Dalton walked into the room, leaning heavily on his walking-stick, his bead-like eyes peering at them from under his white brows.

His face was wrinkled and seamed, and his scanty locks were as white as the driven snow. But the keen, restless expression in the coal-black eyes told of an active mind, and a "cranky," yet humorous, disposition.

There were seven devils in Homer Dalton, or so, at least, the neighbors said. If more than seven had ever been known to inhabit one human being at the same time, they would hardly have placed the limit at that number. And if once the old man had heard this remark concerning him he would most assuredly have doubled the number attributed to the woman in the Scriptures, averring that a mistake had occurred in the translation of the text; for no man, he claimed, could be more than half as wicked as a woman, try as hard as he might.

"Well, well," he said, as he stood, now glancing from one to the other. "I hardly expected to find two beautiful young nieces ready to be an old man's pet in his last few years of life. I ought to have tried one at a time, I suppose."

"Uncle," said Alberta, loftily, "you invited me to come to you."

"So I did this other young lady," coolly replied Mr. Dalton, "but I never dreamed that both would be willing to sacrifice so much for my sake. But never mind, maybe I shall like one of you better than the other."

And the old man laughed a crackled, mirthless laugh that jarred on Alberta's nerves.

"Here, James," he called, "show these young women to their rooms, and tell the housekeeper to send them up some refreshments soon."

"Won't you shake hands, Uncle Homer?" said Ethelyn sweetly, holding out her hand. "I have heard of you so often from mamma that you don't seem at all like a stranger to me."

"You have heard more of my fortune than of me, I trow," the old man replied with a chuckle.

Alberta stood in the doorway watching him keenly; she had paused while following James, curious to know how Ethelyn's maneuver had turned out.

She saw that the old man's eyes were opened to the importance of his wealth, and also to his own insignificance in the eyes of his unknown relatives.

It would be useless for them to make desperate attempts to please him; he would surely know wherefore they were done.

She waited for Ethelyn, who joined her at once, making no reply to Mr. Dalton's disagreeable remark, and the two cousins followed the servant up the broad, dark staircase.

Left alone in the gathering dusk of the long, low-ceiled room, the old man chuckled to himself.

"A couple of turtle doves they will seem to be, but how each one would like to scratch the other's eyes out!

"The fair one will be purring and soft, both to her cousin and to me. The other will strive to hide her feelings, but she would like to murder us both, no doubt.

"However, the object to make way with me will be wanting till I have changed my will and made her my heiress—which will not be very soon, my dear young lady. Here, James," he called, as that worthy descended the stairway. "Bring lights and replenish the fires. We will have the young ladies down again by and by. I would like to hear them sing.

"How sweet they will be to each other! What do you think of them, James?"

"Very fine young ladies, sir."

"Oh, go along, you fool! What do you know about women?"

"Nothing at all, sir—nothing at all."

"Right you are, my man. The devil himself knows nothing about them."

"I've heard you say, master, that you understand them like no one else," replied the servant innocently.

"That's a good one, James," laughed the master of Dalton House. "Bring my wheelchair when you have fulfilled my other orders. And I say, James! there's an extra bottle of Madeira in the cellar, you may have for your compliment. But don't try for another bottle in the same way, or I shall detect the scheme. You may stumble onto a reward once in a while, but you can't make a practice of winning one by your wit, no more than by flattery."

James went away with a broad grin on his face. He had come to know that all favors were granted when he least expected them. Let him once maneuver for one and his master divined his object and, true to his contrary nature, refused it at once; for he seemed to dislike the idea of being "worked," as he called it.

Later, when Mr. Dalton, after dining alone, requested the presence in the old parlor of the two beautiful nieces, that he might size them up, as it were, only the fair-skinned, soft-voiced one made her appearance.

"How's this?" he demanded. "But I suppose Miss Loftiness will be down presently?"

"I fear not, uncle," replied Ethelyn. "She resents my being here, and declares she will return home tomorrow."

"Well, well! that won't do at all. Thrum the piano there while I go and see her about it."

"No, no, Uncle Homer! Don't trudge up those stairs. I will entertain you. Let Alberta do as she pleases. You will have me."

"You don't relish a rival in the field, do you, young lady? Well, now, don't try to run my affairs. Torture the piano all you please while I am absent."

Left alone, Ethelyn sat down on the stool and struck a few notes just to show how obedient she could be; but when the old man was well out of sight up the winding staircase that all but filled the broad hall, she rose to her feet and made a gesture of repulsion.

"I hate him already!" she said fiercely between her teeth. "I knew I should hate him. I detest old men, and a cross, contrary old fool like that is unbearable!

"I told mamma I could never go through with it. But she will be disappointed if I do not stay and try to win the stakes. It is horrid to be genteel poor; it takes so much scheming and contriving to keep up appearances.

"But I would give up this scheme were it not for the fact that I should be leaving the field clear to this unknown cousin, who, evidently, looks down upon us both with disdain.

"But she shall not win! I do not greatly fear her, but I believe she is capable of any treachery, any deceit, and I will watch. I will not back out now, and if I mistake not she will soon lose her place in this house."

Homer Dalton at last reached Alberta's room and knocked peremptorily; following his knock immediately he was given permission to enter.

Alberta was sitting idle, still in her traveling dress, her trunk as yet unpacked, and a sullen, defiant look was in her glorious black eyes.

"Sit down, if you please," she said to him, with the air of one who was born to command.

Mr. Dalton sat down as she had bidden him, and drew a long breath, as if the climb up the stairs had exhausted him.

It was some minutes before he spoke. But if he expected the haughty beauty before him to run to his aid, or to bend over him solicitously, as Ethelyn would doubtless have done, he was fated to be disappointed.

At last he looked up with a wan smile.

"My heart, my dear—it troubles me a great deal," he said in a pathetic tone which did not sound exactly genuine to the ears of the young woman before him.

"You should spare yourself all unnecessary exertion, then," calmly advised Miss Lynn.

"You made it necessary for me to come up here," he said angrily. "What do you suppose I sent for you for? Did you think I wanted you to shut yourself up out of sight? Nice company you would make at that rate!"

Alberta Lynn rose up and stood tall and stately before him, looking regal as a queen in her cold beauty.

"Let us have an understanding, Homer Dalton. Let us leave relationship out of the question, and come to business. Blood is thicker than water, it is said, but not when two blood relations are unknown to each other.

"You are my mother's brother, but you have kept yourself secluded from all your relations. And thev, knowing your wealth, have not sought you out lest the stigma of fortune-hunting be attributed to them.

"But to me you made a business proposition: If I would consent to bury myself in the environment of a country home, and be at the beck and call of a whimsical old man, as you put it, for the few remaining years of his life, I should, with the exception of a few thousands, inherit your vast fortune.

"I agreed to it, and came. But now I find another has also been chosen. You expect a great deal of humility and flattery as a result of the strife between us, no doubt. And in the end one of us will win and the other lose.

"Now you know that we both came here that we might obtain the money you will leave at your death. What else was there to come for? Why should we try to make you believe we came out of regard and affection for you? You would know better. No young girl is going to give up the world and bury herself in an old house in the country with no one but an old man and the servants for company for the sake of either love or charity?

"I came, willing to give you the services you require in exchange for the certainty of having your will made in my favor, not for the mere hope of having it done. I shall enter into no rivalry. Therefore, I shall return home tomorrow."

"Nothing of the sort, my young woman. I hold you to your agreement, which I have in black and white. There was to be a month's probation, during which we were to learn whether we could endure each other. If not, I was to pay you the sum we agreed upon, and you go your way."

"But I did not expect to find another here. You did not tell me."

"I did not tell you there would not be, either," chuckled the old man. "There will be a rivalry between you for a month only. Then I will choose."

"Very well; let it be so. But there will be no strife for your favor. Let her flatter and grovel, if she likes; I shall be the same as I mean to hold out.

"I prefer not to come down tonight. I have my trunk to unpack. You don't intend to provide a maid for me, I suppose."

She laughed merrily at the idea, and Mr. Dalton smiled and rose to his feet.

"Perhaps I shall, after I have decided which one I shall keep," he said.

"Meanwhile," he added to himself, as he went down the stairs, after the door was closed behind him, "meanwhile, there will be some fun. I shall watch the rivalry with interest.

"She the same as told me to my face that she didn't care a straw for me—just the financial result. Well, of course I know that, but she need not have been so anxious to say so. However, that seems honest.

"But be careful, Homer Dalton—keep your eyes open. You know women pretty well by this time. They can't be trusted out of sight. There is no limit to the ingenuity a woman possesses where treachery is concerned. She will fool me yet, right before my very eyes, if I am not careful. She has formed her tactics; let us see what the other will do. Ah! there will me some fun yet.

"But look out, Homer Dalton! Two women to one man—and one is almost enough. Ah! it was once. A woman's treachery was my undoing.

"But I have had my revenge on the sex—shall continue to have it. It is all I live for now."

CHAPTER II.

ETHELYN'S SCHEME.

Mr. Dalton entered the parlor and found Ethelyn at the piano; she had obeyed him, it seemed.

"Here," he thought, "I shall find a willing slave—one who will 'dear uncle' me to death, and hate me cordially because it is necessary to use such deceit to win my favor and get the money.

"Wel, well, they shall get a thousand apiece, maybe, but no more. Herbert will get the bulk of my fortune. My will has long been made in favor of my old friend's son, Robert Grieve, though he does not know it. A man shall inherit the hoarded wealth of a man who hates women."

Robert Grieve was a rising young lawyer in the city of Carthage. Mr. Dalton had watched his career for a long time unknown to that individual. But never had he once lifted his hand to help him to climb the ladder of success, or to make the rough way more smooth, though he saw at the outset how difficult and long the way would be. He had his object in leaving the young man to struggle on alone.

"If he fails," he said to himself, "he is not the one I want to handle my money."

So Robert, all unconscious of the watchful eyes that were upon him, made his own way in the world, unaided; and when he was in a position to be independent of help, all unknown to him Mr. Dalton had his will drawn up in his favor.

To be sure, he could change it any time he wished, but he wanted his will made in case of sudden death, and there was no one else at the time to whom he cared to leave his wealth.

Now, as he entered the lighted parlor, Ethelyn rose to her feet.

"It was too much for you—the climb up the stairs, I fear. Sit down and let me soothe you to sleep. I have often put papa to sleep by just smoothing his head. I have a very gentle, soothing touch, papa says."

"Very well, my dear, just try it. You will be worth a fortune to me if you can soothe this too active brain into rest once in a while. I won't be able to spare you when the month is up. Now, most young ladies would want to pound the piano to amuse me and unstring my nerves."

As he spoke he sat himself down in his reclining chair and bade her proceed.

She immediately stationed herself behind his chair and placed her warm, taper fingers on his brow. He watched her narrowly from under half-closed lids, to note whether there was any repulsion in her heart—whether she shrank from touching him. Women were good actresses, he thought, and he could not tell. But while he was wondering over it his thoughts became more vague and indefinite, and soon he had fallen into a doze, the firm, warm fingers still pressing his forehead and rubbing it gently, monotonously.

He was conscious of a pleasant sensation that he could not define. He was wandering in strange lands; strange sounds came to him. His last thought was that he would have this woman near him ever; he would let her put him to sleep with her gentle touch, let her be siren or schemer, no matter.

But he did not sleep soundly, he had not entirely lost his faculties; he seemed to be in a beautiful dream.

At last Ethelyn left his side and summoned his attendant.

"Get him to bed without waking him, if possible," she said. "And I think it is possible," she added, with a peculiar smile. "I have soothed him to sleep at his own request. I shall come at his usual hour of rising and awaken him. Call me when the hour arrives."

She glided out of the room, then, and up the broad, mahogany staircase, while James bent over his master anxiously, his forehead puckered into a frown. He feared that all was not right.

"She is a beautiful siren," he ejaculated.

But as he tugged at the limp form, trying to get it into the nightrobe, his fear increased. What if he had been drugged? Afterward he reasoned that no harm could come to his master through the agency of either of these women before a new will was made.

And after much lifting and dragging he got the old man to his room, which was on the ground floor, as was the parlor.

While this was going on Alberta was in her own room unpacking her trunk and making herself at home. A quiet smile played about her lips. There was no need to be humble; she had read the old man aright; and the thought that she would not be obliged to exert any extra effort to please him was a relief.

Ethelyn would humble herself and flatter him, probably, and by so doing would make the contrast between them more marked.

She had had no notion of departing on the following day, as she had declared to her cousin. She had gauged her uncle and knew that if she was frank she would stand a far better show. He would be apt to see through any attempt to flatter him. She felt sure that he would object to her going, if she mentioned it. If not, she could feign illness when morning came.

Presently there was a slight rap on her door, and Ethelyn entered.

Alberta was not surprised. She expected sweetness and cordiality from this fair, child-like cousin.

"Are you busy?" asked the intruder.

"No, I have finished unpacking. Sit down."

"I shall not unpack until tomorrow," Ethelyn said. "Perhaps I shall not stay. It is a pretty place, but isolated. Who would want to live here?"

"One could sell the place," Alberta answered quietly. "And there is lots of money with it. It is worth trying for."

"Then I wonder that you refused to come down tonight," ventured Ethelyn, with a view to drawing the other out.

"I thought there was small chance of my being the chosen one," returned Alberta, "and what was the use of wasted effort? But my uncle insisted on my staying the month on probation. And I warn you I shall endeavor to please him."

This was said with a view to egging Ethelyn on, that her conspicuous efforts might disgust the old man, who was sure to see through and resent any attempt at flattery, and Ethelyn knew it.

The two women understood each other thoroughly; each knew the other was acting a part, but both tried to hide the fact.

"Let us talk of other things," said Ethelyn finally, "about our parents and friends. How is it we never heard of each other before? Our mothers are sisters, are they not? And Homer Dalton is their brother. I knew very little about any of my relatives until Uncle Homer wrote and asked mamma to let him have her oldest girl."

"It is the same with me," replied Alberta. "I suppose the family have become separated, and have not even kept up a correspondence."

"This is a fine old place. I mean to explore it tomorrow. And now, good-night," said Ethelyn, rising.

"She expects me to try to win his favor by a slave-like homage, does she? I know as well as she does that such a course would not work with Homer Dalton. She will be surprised at the lack of any attempt at deceit and flattery on my part. I have other resources."

Again she smiled, and, disrobing, retired for the night.

Early the next morning she had James admit her to her uncle's chamber.

"I soothed him to sleep," she said, "and I must awaken him, you know. You may come with me, James."

The old servant followed, his eyes wide with wonder.

"I have been a hospital nurse," she said, turning to him as they reached the bedside, "and it is quite easy to put a person to sleep with the gentle touch of the fingers. I shall do so whenever he requires it, James, but do not mention it to your master, or to any one. He might not like to have it known that he was put to sleep like a child."

"No, Miss, he would not," replied the man.

Ethelyn, satisfied now that the man would say nothing about the affair, turned and bent over the bed. How much she looked like a beautiful siren, thought the man as he watched her.

The sleeper lay on his side, the long, white locks pushed back from his brow. He was breathing softly. With a few strokes of her long, soft fingers, and with low-murmured words, she released the sleeper from the arms of Morpheus, and, leaving him to the servant's care, she glided out of the room.

At breakfast she sat opposite to Mr. Dalton, and ever and anon she cast her witching eyes upon him. She smiled softly to herself when she saw that he devoted most of his time to Alberta. She made no attempt to monopolize his time or attention; she only kept her eyes upon him a great deal of the time.

"Uncle," she said later, "we want to look over the grounds. Will you walk with Alberta and leave my impatient feet to wander at will?"

"I will not walk at all this morning, my dear young lady," answered Mr. Dalton, surprised at this move nearly as much as was her cousin. "Suppose you two women explore the grounds for yourselves."

The contrary thing might be expected of old man Dalton. Every one knew that who knew him at all.

He was not going to play into the hands of either of his nieces, no matter what their plans and schemes might be, he told himself.

"But Ethelyn I must keep at all events," he soliloquized. "I never slept so comfortably in my life before. No lying awake with rheumatic pains; no struggling for breath when my heart bothers me; but perfect peace and rest instead. No doubt I shall be able to find some way to keep them both when the month of probation is up."

Meanwhile, the girls went out together, the old man watching them go down the long avenue of trees.

"Quite friendly," he chuckled. "As if it were possible for two women who have so much at stake to feel even tolerance for each other!"

He went to his study, a small room off his bedroom, and sat down at his desk. He felt a trifle languid, and, after pulling out his papers, he leaned back in his chair and fell into a restful sleep. Strange, for during the night he had not once awakened. This thought passed through his mind just before he lost consciousnss.

And so he slept while the cousins wandered about among the trees, inhaling the scent of the magnolia bloom, which was comparatively new to them.

The old house loomed up in the enter of a cluster of trees, and close beside the parlor windows were enormous rose bushes in full blossom.

It was a sultry day, though they had had fires in the grates the night before. The air was heavy with the scent of magnolias and roses.

After a while the two passed out of the garden and wandered down a lane and into a grassy field that was rolling and uneven.

"We can get a better view of the house from here than from any other point," Alberta said. "It is a pretty place, but rather gloomy. There are too many shade trees; they keep the sunlight from the building, and it is becoming moss-grown."

"You can have the trees thinned out when the place falls to you," replied Ethelyn, with a smile.

Alberta laughed outright.

"I never make calculations on having a certain number of roses by the number of buds there are on a bush," she replied. "Sometimes they are blasted in the bud."

"Yes, I suppose our hopes will be blasted in the bud," replied her cousin. "Do you know, I believe that the old gentleman thinks we are quarreling over his wealth this very moment. And I believe, too, that he does not intend either of us shall get it."

Alberta gave her a scrutinizing glance.

She was not such an unsophisticated child as she looked, evidently.

She did not reply, however, and her cousin went on:

"He thinks either of us capable of poisoning the other, if by that means we might win. As if we were fools enough, even if we were wicked enough! I believe it would please him if one of us should try to make way with the other. He knows he is safe until a will is made in our favor. He would not dare to do that, he would expect us to lay a plot to murder him then.

"He must be a very wicked man himself at heart, else he would not credit us with so much treachery. I am sure he would like to see us hate each other cordially. He would like the one best who hated the other most.

"For my part, I should like to disappoint him in that. But any extra attentions to each other would be mistaken for deceit."

"That would please him, too," said Alberta, discreetly keeping her opinions to herself, but feeling called upon to say something.

When they returned, Alberta went directly to her apartment, and Ethelyn entered the parlor and gazed around in search of her uncle.

Through the window she espied James going down the walk toward the front gate. Perhaps his master had sent him on some errand. The housekeeper and maids were in another part of the house, and Ethelyn went softly toward the private apartment of her uncle, which adjoined the parlor. She noiselessly opened the door of the study and went in.

There before her sat the old man, his head dropped to one side of the high-backed chair, sleeping soundly. Gliding softly to his chair she peered over his shoulders at the papers lying on his desk.

He stirred in his sleep and opened his eyes. She moved round to his side, then, and looked into his face. Then, placing her hands on his forehead, she gave a few strokes downward, and the head, with its long, white locks, fell back to its former position.

She then closed and locked the door and sat down beside the open desk, assorting and reading the papers before her without even glancing in the direction of the sleeper.

At last she replaced them as nearly as she could in the same position she had found them.

"The will, if he has made one, is not here. But this diary I will read some day; for you, Homer Dalton, will hand over the keys to this desk whenever I will it."

She then raised the old man's chin and bade him open his eyes, which he did.

"You are," she said impressively, holding his gaze the while, "you are to bestow the most of your attentions on Alberta, and leave me to myself. But you are not to part with me when the month of probation is up. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he answered in a maudlin voice.

"Very well. Sleep, now, but in ten minutes you are to awaken."

With this she glided out of the room and went up the long, dark staircase to her apartment.

Once there she sank into a seat and heaved a deep, contented sigh.

"What chance has Alberta Lynn now?" she murmured, and then gave vent to a low laugh that held in it a ring of triumph.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CHATTER.

Meanwhile, Alberta was in the servants' quarters, which were a suite of rooms on the other side of the long hall.

The housekeeper, two maids and the man called James were the entire number of Mr. Dalton's servants. James Gibson and the housekeeper were husband and wife, the two maid servants were their daughters. On learning this Alberta wondered whether, if they had had a son, he would have been a servant of Homer Dalton, too.

Mrs. Gibson was a talkative woman, and, as she seldom went out among people, the affairs of Dalton House were her chief topics of conversation, as Alberta had surmised they would be.

The latter began to talk of the beauties of the place, the surroundings and the Southern climate.

"The damp air and the contrast between the sultry days and the chilly nights are responsible, I presume, for my uncle's rheumatism and other ailments."

This was, of course, a leader, and calculated merely to set the woman to talking, after which she might be able to draw her out.

"Yes," said the woman, in reply to Alberta's question. "I suppose the climate is pretty responsible. But then, you know he is getting old. He can't last much longer and I shall be sorry when the end comes. But we are provided for; we have served him well, and we are to have an income for the rest of our lives. The will is already made, and he will not change that part of it; I have seen it, and I know our names are there."

"There are no other names yet, I suppose," Alberta ventured.

"Oh, yes, there is, but I presume that one will be taken out and some other put in its place," she replied, with a knowing look and a nod in Alberta's direction, "when," she added, "he makes up his mind who the other is to be."

"The one named in his will as heir is a relative of his, no doubt," Alberta said, carelessly.

"Oh, no, he is a stranger, and lives in Carthage. He knows nothing of the will."

"Ah! very strange, isn't it?"

"Yes, but Mr. Dalton is a strange man. This Robert Grieve is a lawyer, he told us, and is the son of an old friend of his. And he made the will in his favor after he saw that he had made a success in his profession."

"It verifies the old saying that 'Nothing succeeds like success,'" smiled Alberta. "And is this Robert Grieve an unmarried man?"

"Yes; but I must not say any more about him. Mr. Dalton would not like to have me talk about it, for he does not want the young man to learn of the will."

"Then," said Alberta, sternly, "you should not have mentioned it to me."

"You will not tell him?" asked the woman, looking startled.

"No, of course not; but say nothing about it to Miss Cleave, and caution your husband not to do so. You do not know whom to trust, and don't you see that she could make trouble if she should take it into her head to have your names taken out of the will? There would be all the more then to fall to the one who inherits his wealth."

"He would not like it if he knew I told," she replied, looking confused. "It is so good of you, Miss, to caution me."

By this clever stroke Alberta closed the stream of gossip, thereby cutting off Ethelyn's means of information concerning the affairs of their uncle, and at the same time winning the gratitude of the housekeeper.

There was no more that she wisned to know, and she went out into the garden, her active brain busy with new thoughts and new schemes.

From across the meadows came the sweet breath of wild flowers, and Alberta directed her steps toward a little patch of timber on a slight eminence of ground. It looked cool and inviting there, and the walk across the grassy field was pleasant. Once she reached the knoll she sank down on the mossy ground at the roots of an oak tree.

It was a very small spot of timber, and there were no large trees with the exception of a few oaks, beneath one of which she was sitting. There were wild plum trees among them, also wild grapes and woodbine. She sat for some time admiring the things around her and viewing the smoke curling up from the chimnies of the of the old house among the magnolia and oleander trees.

Then she heard a footfall, and, startled, she rose to her feet. Turning quickly, she found herself gazing into the face of a tall, blond gentleman, who gazed at her easily, smilingly.

"Do not fear," he said when he saw how startled she looked, "I shall not kill you."

"Thank you," she answered, and sank down upon the grass again.

"You know I ought to, Alberta Lynn."

"Then why don't you?"

"Are you prepared to die?"

"As nearly prepared as I shall ever be."

"I shall kill you some day," he said, throwing himself down beside her and gazing into her eyes intently.

She did not answer.

"You know how I love you."

"Yes," sarcastically. "A man always kills the woman he loves—or marries her."

"You may take your choice. I shall do one or the other."

"Wait," she said, "until after my uncle has died and left me his money. It will be more profitable then—that is, if you should marry me."

He placed his arm about her and drew her against him caressingly. Her face whitened, and a great sob rose in her throat. But she did not draw away from him.

He stroked the hair about her temples as he held her against his breast.

"Oh!" she said, with a swift, indrawn breath, "I wish I had married you when you wanted me first—when I was young and innocent and worthy of you."

"Are you so old and wicked now?" he asked gently.

"Yes, very old, it seems to me, and very wicked, too.

"Kiss me once, Jack, and let me go out of your life forever. You know what I did after I ran away?"

"Yes, I know; you went on the stage in defiance of your parents' wishes. But they forgave you. So will I, Berta."

"Not that name, Jack, not that—it is not mine—I don't deserve it. I am not the same as then, not the innocent child you knew in the old days. I wish I had married you when I was unsophisticated, if there was ever a time when I was so. But now it is too late. I have put that forever out of my reach. I would not so wrong you, for, Jack, I love you and I will not marry you."

She rose up and faced him, white as a face in a coffin.

"Jack, you do not know me. You have never known me. I am a lie, dear, a living lie. Forget me. From this day there is no Alberta Lynn—remember that. She is dead. Go your way and forget."

She glided out of the wood as she spoke, and walked rapidly across the meadow.

"I am not good enough," she murmured, "not good enough now. The first great deception has barred me out of his heart forever. He could not forgive me if he knew, he would not love me.

"I could keep my secret, perhaps, but I would not wrong him."

The man called Jack stood alone in the timber and watched her tall, graceful form disappear from sight. Then he bowed his head and stood for some time buried in thought.

"It is strange, but a woman always thinks a man good if she loves him," he soliloquized. "She begins by thinking him good, then as a result of her opinion she loves him. If she knew what a good-for-nothing Jack Raynor is!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I could commit burglary, or some desperate deed, I suppose, and convince her that I am not a saint. But what could she have meant by being a lie, or living a lie? She could not have done anything very bad while she was on the stage.

"Let me see, it was ten years ago she left her home. She is not the girl I knew before I went away; but she was only sixteen then, and she wore my ring. I wonder why I did not forget her? One's first love clings, I think; for now that she is a woman, a wilful woman, at that, I love her more than ever. I wonder how it will end."

He strode away then, taking a short cut across the fields.

When Alberta reached the grounds she found her uncle and Ethelyn walking about the garden.

The old man had a bunch of yellow roses in his hand which he immediately presented to Alberta.

"Thank you, uncle," she said, "give them to Ethelyn."

"If I had wanted Ethelyn to have them I should have given them to Ethelyn," he said testily.

Alberta took the blossoms from him absent-mindedly, and turned and walked by his side at his invitation. Her thoughts were far away, and she would have been glad to have Ethelyn monopolize him; but that seemed to be farthest from that young lady's intention. The old man himself was the one who kept the conversation up, for Alberta was distraught, and Ethelyn had strayed from their side. Soon she had vanished entirely, and Alberta knew she had gone into the house.

"It seems to me," he complained, "that neither of my nieces cares very much for my society."

Alberta laughed.

"And you expected so much in the way of flattery," she said, mischievously. "Now confess, uncle, that you believed we would both sicken and tire you with our attentions, and be ready to claw each other's eyes out besides."

"Well, it's the way of women, isn't it?"

"Some women," she corrected.

"Most women."

"But you see we both pay you a very high compliment when we recognize the fact that you are not a fool, and so not to be hoodwinked in that way, whether we would like to do so or not."

"Well, well," the old man said, "a woman is sure to get the better of a man some way. But we shall see, we shall see."

"I don't understand you, uncle. I am not trying to get the better of you. I only want a fair deal. I want you at the end of the month to choose between Ethelyn and myself. Then you are to make your will in favor of the one you choose, as I understand it, provided she stays and devotes her time and attention to you for the rest of your life."

"Exactly. But suppose I can't choose, suppose I want you both? Maybe I shall want you because I like you, and Ethelyn because I need her——"

He paused, and Alberta glanced at him searchingly. She believed that he would trifle with them both, keep them in a state of expectancy, and then perhaps die suddenly some time, and the property would all pass into the hands of Robert Grieve, in whose favor the will was already made. And, believing this, her plans were formed accordingly.

There was a whole month in which to act; and a new scheme had entered her head. If she could but accomplish her purpose she need not depend on this whimsical old man; she would be safe whether she was mentioned in his will or not. And how glad she would be could she come into this property and still escape the monotony of several years' existence at Dalton House!

Oh, for peace and rest at last! She was so tired—so tired. And hers had been a tempestuous life. If Jack knew, she thought, what an adventuress she was, he would not want to marry her. But he had not sought to learn her past, and he was as persistent as ever. She had broken her promise to him, and had left him. But she did not fear his threats. No, Jack was too good—he would not hurt her, for he loved her.

But in spite of his love she was planning to put an impossible barrier between herself and him.

If she had only been good enough for him it might have been different; but now it was too late.

In the issue of this paper for next week the continuation of this highly interesting story may be found. Any reader desiring to subscribe for the Ledger is offered our premiums free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

THE EMPTY SHELL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot;
Frail, but a work divine.
Made so fairly well,
With delicate spire and whorl;
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push when he was uncurled
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger nail on the sand;
Small, but a work divine;
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The vessel's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock
Here on the Breton strand!

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"There it is, girls; there's Chesholm Manor. You can just catch the tips of the grim, gray turrets over the gloomy fir hills off to the left there."

We all leaned forward and followed with eager eyes Miss Tresham's pointing finger.

There it was, dimly defined beyond the black firs, in the weird old county of Cornwall.

Miss Tresham shook her pretty head, with its abundant bronze tresses, in a melancholy way.

"The most uncanny old place, girls," she said, "a second 'Moated Grange,' for all the world. I always dread our annual visit, though I certainly love godpapa very dearly; but it is such a weird old place. And, girls, there is a haunted chamber, too!"

"A haunted chamber, Beatrix?" we all cried, in a breath.

"A veritable haunted chamber—the 'crimson chamber,' they call it, and it is the grandest room in the house; yet I've never seen it but once in my whole life. I can't bear to go near it. I remember dimly how vast and grand and dark it looked, all aglow with crimson and gold. And oh! girls, such an awful legend connected with it. Mrs. Sinnott, the housekeeper, told it to me herself."

"Trixie, dear, tell us!"

"I can't tell it as Mrs. Sinnott did, but I'll do my best: Centuries ago, in the time of the very first Chesholms—and they came down from the Norman chiefs, you know, ever so long ago—there was a brave knight, Sir Geoffrey Chesholm, I think they called him. He was a great soldier, and the bravest, handsomest man in all England. He wooed and won, so the story runs, a lovely Scandinavian girl, with eyes like stars, and tresses of golden hair, and brought her home to Chesholm Manor, and the crimson room was their bridal chamber.

"Well, a week after they came home to the manor Sir Geoffrey was called away. He parted from his lovely bride with great reluctance, and many tender caresses, for he was excessively fond of her.

"Owing to some circumstance, which I do not remember, he returned much sooner than he had anticipated, and reaching the manor one stormy midnight, he let himself in with his night key, and hurried to the chamber of his bride, thinking to find her in bed and asleep.

"But lo! when he reached the crimson room, he found it in a glitter of wax lights, and on opening the door he saw his young wife all arrayed in her best robes, with diamonds in her golden hair and on her white throat; and a feast was spread out, wines, and fruits, and other dainties. And who do you suppose this fair, false creature had to keep her company? An old lover, who had been Sir Geoffrey's rival.

"Well, he killed her there and then, and his rival, too, and concealed their bodies in the secret passage, into which they say the crimson chamber leads. That was centuries ago, but to this day they come back at midnight and tap against the oaken panels, hoping that some one will come and liberate them. Mrs. Sinnott avers that she has heard this ghostly tapping again and again. She would not sleep a night in this haunted room for worlds. No one ever does except Sir John, and he scouts the whole story."

"Oh, how awful!" we all cried, "and how delightful!"

We drove up the fir-shadowed drive and reached the grim, gray front of the old manor just as the darkness fell. Sir John was on the great stone terrace to welcome us.

Harry Nichols (age twelve) of Madison Indiana earned $71.00 last month working Friday afternoon and Saturday.

Harry started without a cent of capital. We supplied him with the means to earn money for himself on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. Any boy can do the same. Write today and we will send you ten copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. These you can sell for 5 cents each, which will provide capital for the following week's supply at wholesale price. Full instructions and booklet, "How Boys Make Money," written by successful boys, go with the magazines.

$250.00 in Cash as Extra Prizes for Post Boys who do Good Work Next Month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 2874 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"I've brought a lot of my young school friends to share my visit this time, godpapa," said Beatrix, when the greetings were well over.

"That's right, Trixie; the more the merrier. You didn't know we had a ball on the tapis, did you? Nor that young Major Farleigh was at home on furlough, either—hey, Trix?"

Beatrix blushed divinely. Major Farleigh was her betrothed lover. The old baronet pinched her glowing cheek.

"I planned it all to surprise you," he said. "But come in, young ladies, we've no time to lose. You must eat your dinner in a hurry, and then dress for the ball."

Dinner over, we lit our candles and hurried up to dress.

"This way, please, mademoiselles," called Sir John, and we followed him into his quaint old sitting-room.

"See there, Trixie," he said, pointing toward the sofa; "there's a ball dress fresh from Paris, and on yonder table are the Chesholm diamonds. Would you like to have them—I mean dress, diamonds, and all?"

"Oh, godpapa!" cried Beatrix, with clasped hands.

The dress was of silken tissue of the loveliest pink, trimmed with priceless lace, and adorned with tufts of moss, rosebuds, and the diamonds were such blinking, gleaming stars—tiara, necklace, armlets, and a girdle, like a belt of living light.

"They're yours, Trixie," continued Sir John. "Major Farleigh is likely to admire you in that rig—hey, Trix? Well, they're yours, and, moreover, when you marry the Major, I mean that you shall come and live with me. I'm an old man now, and a bit lonely, and I think I shall make the Major my heir."

"Oh, Sir John, dear godpapa!" cried Beatrix, with swimming eyes.

"Stop, Trixie," he interrupted. "Wait till you hear my conditions—don't thank me yet—I've made up my mind to do all this, and to give you this trumpery here, provided you are willing to do one thing."

"I'll do anything you wish, you good, dear godpapa," answered Trixie, with her eyes on the glittering gems.

"Very well, you must sleep in the crimson chamber tonight."

"Alone?" faltered poor Beatrix, growing white.

"Nay, you may all go together, but you must enter the crimson room as soon as the ball ends, and remain there until daylight. If you can stand it tonight, and the ghostly pair do not eat you, I mean it for your bridal chamber when you and the Major marry."

"I'll do it," said Beatrix, stoutly. "Girls, what do you say?"

"We'll do it," we cried with one voice.

"Very well; collect your finery, and take yourself off," said the baronet.

We obeyed, and Beatrix wore her ball dress, and her diamonds, and dazzled the poor Major so completely that he came nigh losing his wits.

At 1 o'clock, to the minute, we marched in solemn file to the door of the haunted room. Mrs. Sinnott followed us with an ashen face.

"For heaven's sake, young ladies, give over this mad folly!" she entreated; but Beatrix silenced her, and in we went.

A cheerful fire blazed upon the marble hearth, wax lights glittered in every niche and corner, revealing the vast proportions of the room, and the grand and glowing richness of the crimson hangings and antique furniture.

"It is a pity, as godpapa says, for such a handsome apartment to be deserted," said Beatrix, as we surrounded the hearth. "I hope we shall come out victorious, girls."

We glanced nervously at the great catafalque of a bed, with its crimson canopies, and concluded to keep watch before the hearth. Two o'clock chimed from the hoarse old clock above the stables. We heard the roar of the surf on the wild Cornish coast, and the mournful wail of the wind amid the grim turrets, and by and by, with beating hearts and suspended breaths, we heard another sound.

Tap, tap, tap, against the oaken panel. Beatrix became as white as death, and glanced over her shoulder with a shudder.

"Girls, they are coming," she whispered—"the false bride and her lover."

We clung together, huddling over the grate. Tap, tap, tap, it came again. One of our party, a little blonde miss from the Sussex hills, fell gently to the floor in a swoon. Tap, tap, tap, and then a faint, rustling movement. Beatrix thought of her Major and her bridal night, and rose to her feet in trembling desperation.

"Who's there?" she demanded, in a voice that shook.

Tap, tap, tap! No other answer but that faint, rustling swish.

A sort of heroism, born of despair, seized upon Beatrix. Her white cheeks flamed, her brown eyes glowed.

"I'll solve this mystery," she said. "I'll liberate this ghostly pair!"

And straightway she marched across the crimson carpet, and lifted the crimson velvet arras. Her hand shook like a leaf, and her cheeks whitened again, but she pressed her finger upon the little knob, which moved the sliding panel.

Tap, tap, tap! again, and then the carved, oaken panel slid slowly aside, and friends, not the ghostly pair came forth, but a great, gaunt, gray old rat.

Beatrix fell down in a faint, but she had won her diamonds; and she slept in the haunted chamber on her bridal night.

Matter of Opinion.

"I—aw—have a conundrum foh you, Miss Cutting," said young Sappington.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "What almanac did you borrow it from?"

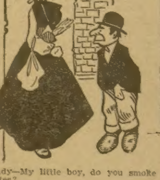
"I—aw—made it up meself," he asserted somewhat testily. "Why are me—aw—clothes like the moon?"

"I suppose you think," she said slowly, "it is because they have a man in them; but it might be well for you to remember that opinions differ, Mr. Sappington."

Whacht Johnny Gacht.

Said the teacher: "Johnny, spell yacht."
Said Johnny: "Oh, no; I guess nacht."
Then the teacher in wrath
Grabbed a piece of lath
And for Johnny made it quite hacht

Ready to Oblige.



Lady—My little boy, do you smoke cigarettes?

Boy—No, mum, but I can give you a chew.

A successful man sees things as they are, not as others tell him they are

A SINNER'S SACRIFICE;

OR

THE MISTRESS OF RIVERBLUFF.

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.

Clouds shrouded the mountains and rain beat against the windows at Riverbluff. The grim old housekeeper, busy over her piles of snow-white linen, looked up as Elsie entered the room.

"Do you know anything about her, Mrs. Sylvester?" Elsie asked, dropping down upon the rug that lay in front of the fire made necessary by the cold dampness of the day.

Mrs. Sylvester sighed. "Not a thing in the world, Miss Elsie. I don't suppose there is a great deal to know. Mr. Allie was on the down track when he married her. I suppose you know what that means," and Mrs. Sylvester's thin lips shut themselves firmly. She was severely respectable, uncompromisingly pious.

"And she is to come here! What can my stepfather be thinking of!" Elsie took her knees in her embrace and rested her chin upon them.

"He's thinking of Mr. Allie," answered the practical housekeeper. "It often happens so when one is near the end."

"Near the end of what?"

"Of life. It makes no difference what Dr. Black says. I know and Mr. Graves knows that the end is not far off. The change in the man is enough. Why, Miss Elsie, he's not like the same person."

"But his heart is better," the girl protested.

"That may be. His mind is not. He forgets everything. He is frightened and nervous at all times. He's thinking of his brother and remembering that they were all hard on the lad. I didn't live here in those days. My husband was the miller and I lived across the river in my own little house. But I knew them all. Mr. Allie was up to all sorts of tricks, poor lad, and Mr. Robert was always solid and sober. It was the only way you could tell them apart. Your mother over at the rectory knew them in the old days. I've been thinking more about Mr. Allie these last days. It's because Mr. Robert is thinking of him. There's a look in his eyes since this last illness that keeps the lad in one's mind."

The girl on the hearth rug looked steadily into the heart of the fire. She was thinking of the night when this attack of illness had begun and of the temptation that seized her and held her in its power. A little shudder ran over her. She caught her breath sharply. If he had died that night would the possession of his wealth have been sufficient to quiet her conscience? But there would have been more than money and house and land, and for that other—— Ah! yes, she would lay down more than her peace of mind.

Instead of the glowing fire now Elsie saw a blue-eyed, smiling face—a face much older than hers, but beautiful as Adonis himself. Did he love her? She was not sure. But he loved Riverbluff. He loved ease and luxury and the good things that money buys. And he was poor; in spite of his devotion to his art there had come to him neither fame nor fortune. And if great wealth were hers and she could lay it at his feet, perhaps he might find himself glad to take her love with it. This was her hope.

This vagabond brother of her stepfather—the man who had been a merry-hearted boy in the old Southern home before the war—suppose he should come back, after all, and change all her carefully-laid plans?

She was a tiny, fairylike creature with a lovely, dimpled, childish face, but her heart was the heart of a woman, and the desire of her heart was the motive power of her life. Her capacity for loving was great, but her nature was not large enough to accommodate the power of self-reliance which must be the accompaniment of great love lest it become a consuming fire.

"I don't think the scapegrace brother deserves any consideration from the man who stayed at home and behaved himself," Elsie said, rising and going over to the rain-beaten window.

"That is what Mr. Jasper thought. But a brother, a twin brother, is another matter, and, as I said, one feels different when death is near. I remember how it softened Sylvester, and how peaceable he was that last spell. But it's not Mr. Allie that's coming. He wouldn't show his face here for the world. It's only his wife."

"Think of introducing her to people!" Elsie left the room. The hall was dark and damp. She went slowly down the broad stair. Half-way she stopped, for from the library's open door there came a voice so clear and low and sweet that she listened in wonder.

"You will just take my wraps here, please, they are quite dripping wet. Then you will tell your master that Mrs. Albert Graves has arrived."

Elsie started. Then she heard Aunt Venus saying: "Sholy, sholy now you ain't Marse Allie's wife! Well, there never was no 'countin' for that boy. So you's Marse Allie's wife!"

"Yes. You remember my husband? Well, go, now, and carry my message to your master."

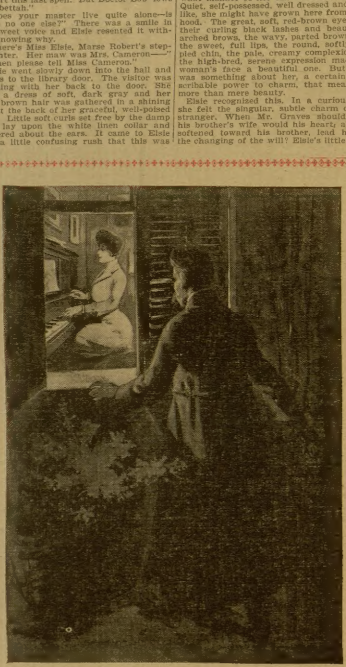
"I will, honey, but he can't come down. He's in one of his spells. Cupid, he's my ole man, is plumb to his wits' eend over Marse Robert this last spell. But Doctor Bob 'lows he's bettah."

"Does your master live quite alone—is there no one else?" There was a smile in the sweet voice and Elsie resented it without knowing why.

"There's Miss Elsie, Marse Robert's stepdaughter. Her maw was Mrs. Cameron——"

"Then please tell Miss Cameron."

Elsie went slowly down into the hall and across to the library door. The visitor was standing with her back to the door. She wore a dress of soft, dark gray and her dark brown hair was gathered in a shining coil at the back of her graceful, well-poised head. Little soft curls set free by the damp wind lay upon the white linen collar and clustered about the ears. It came to Elsie with a little confusing rush that this was not a woman one need be ashamed to introduce into the neighborhood.



He was looking at her.

The woman stood composedly before the tiny fire that twinkled far back in the big fireplace Her head was thrown back and she was looking at the portrait above the mantel. For a moment Elsie watched her. The woman looked strangely at home, singularly in keeping with the quiet luxury of the fine old room. Then, with an uneasiness that she was not able to quiet, the girl went inside.

"We were not expecting you so early. I am glad to be the first to welcome you to Riverbluff, Mrs. Graves," Elsie said, calling up the pretty, eager manner that became her so well.

"Thank you. I am sure this must be Miss Cameron. You will understand why I have made myself so entirely at home when I tell you that I could find only an open carriage at the station, and the rain refused to be merciful." She laughed softly, and the sound was like music.

Elsie suddenly felt crude, and young, and unfinished beside this bright, beautifully ripened woman. She expressed her regrets prettily, and fluttered about in her charming, birdlike way.

Venus brought a dainty tray, and Elsie poured the fragrant tea. "It is two hours till noon and we have dinner then. The tea will rest you. Afterward we'll find your room and perhaps see Mr. Graves."

Mrs. Graves glanced at the portrait.

"It is an excellent portrait. But Mr. Graves is terribly worn and haggard now. The last attack of his malady has altered him strangely."

Mrs. Graves listened with grave attention, as she daintily drank her tea. Elsie looked at her with close, half-veiled scrutiny. There was positively nothing to indicate what manner of life this woman had lived. Quiet, self-possessed, well dressed and ladylike, she might have grown here from childhood. The great, soft, red-brown eyes with their curling black lashes and beautifully arched brows, the wavy, parted brown hair, the sweet, full lips, the round, softly-dimpled chin, the pale, creamy complexion and the high-bred, serene expression made the woman's face a beautiful one. But there was something about her, a certain indescribable power to charm, that meant far more than mere beauty.

Elsie recognized this. In a curious way she felt the singular, subtle charm of this stranger. When Mr. Graves should meet his brother's wife would his heart, already softened toward his brother, lead him to the changing of the will? Elsie's little white teeth shut together firmly. If she could avoid this meeting! But Venus had come with a message from Mr. Graves. He would see his guest at once.

Fascinated by the dread of this meeting, Elsie herself led the way, when at length Mrs. Graves went to see her brother-in-law. The visitor had changed her gown for one of soft gray silk. From the vase on her bureau she took a spray of jessamine and fastened it among the brown coils of her hair. Her eyes were shining and a soft pink color had come to her cheeks.

"I am ready. You must let me know when it is time to come away, unless Mr. Graves does. I am a stranger to my husband's brother."

They went down the hall together. "Mr. Graves is full of whims nowadays. None of us feel that we know him. He frequently refuses to see his doctor and there is never any accounting for what he may or may not do. The room we are passing now has always been his private bedchamber, but he conceived a violent distaste to it. He has had it closed and has moved into the west wing. In every way he is changed, and—perhaps I ought to tell you," she stopped and laid her hand on her companion's arm, "we fear that his mind is—is not all that it used to be."

Mrs. Graves looked at her with the great, expressive eyes that often made speech unnecessary.

"I shall go in first, if you please, and tell him." Leaving the door ajar, Elsie went into the room. It was not unlike the old one, except that the furnishing was less somber. Over the south window heavy curtains were drawn. The west windows were open to the light, and in front of one of them, with his back to the light, sat Mr. Graves. He wore a rich dressing gown, and many downy pillows were piled in the deep, luxurious chair. He looked eagerly up as Elsie came toward him.

"Mrs. Graves is at your door, ready to come in. I shall go away——"

"No, stay. I—I—you will not go. Is she here now? Hellen my—tell her to come in!"

He held out a trembling hand silently as the beautiful woman crossed to him.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am to see you so frail, nor how I thank you for your generous brotherly assistance in a time of very great need," she said softly. "I hope I may be able to be of some use to you and if such a good thing as that happens to me here I shall be very happy." She had held the cold hand an instant, and now she had seated herself in a low chair. With lovely raised face and eyes full of tender feeling she sat before him.

With the light behind his, his face was in the shadow, but she could see the whiteness of it, and the stirring of the soft collar about his throat told her how fast his heart was beating.

"And Allie—you are his wife——" A quick closing of the throat stopped him.

"My husband was not at home when I came away. I wrote to an address that he gave me. I thank you that your invitation included him."

"Then for all his vagabond ways you care for your husband? You'd like to see him here in his old home?" He leaned forward eagerly. Her eyes became suddenly grave.

"Miss Cameron will be taking me away if my presence excites you. You must not forget that you are far from being strong."

"I did overestimate my strength," he said with a low laugh as he leaned weakly back. "You will pardon me. The people about me forgive all sorts of sins considering that I am Robret Graves, you know." Again he laughed nervously.

"I shall talk to you again about—Allie. You won't mind, will you, when we are better acquainted?" he said.

"No," she answered slowly, "for when people know each other well they are not so likely to—to make mistakes, you know." When the last word had been spoken she smiled. It was one of her charms that she knew how to send the truth home and then to heal the wound speedily.

The sick man bent forward. "How is the poor boy looking now? Like—like me still?"

"Wonderfully like. I saw it in your portrait downstairs," she answered.

"And you see it now?"

She started. "Yes, except that you are ill. Allie is quite strong."

"Is he? Go away with Elsie now. Who is it, Cupid? John Quill? John Quill today?" He shrank back among his pillows. He dreaded the sharp eyes of the lawyer who slipped into the room, stopping to follow Mrs. Graves with his keen gaze.

"You brought the papers? I'll take them. I'm going away. Cupid, you'll get ready to start tomorrow. Mr. Quill, your business must await my return. I have quite determined upon this. A change is what I need. Tomorrow, Cupid, we leave by the early train."

CHAPTER IV.

When it was night and old Cupid slept in his corner, a figure stole from the west wing and crept softly to the back stair. Slipping down this to the narorw passage at its foot, the figure crept along on the shadowy side of half-lighted hallways and passed out into the garden that lay, a wilderness of tree and shrub and clinging vine about the west wing.

The rain had ceased and there was no moon. From a window here and there soft lights widened out into the darkness. The windows of the parlor opened upon the last terrace. At a sheltered corner he stood looking hungrily toward the light that streamed from them. One of the windows was wide open and as he stood there he heard the notes of a delicate accompaniment and then his wife's voice, soft and clear. She was singing a quaint old song, simply, tenderly. He knew that she was alone. She would never sing like this for a listener. Even on the stage he had never heard such longing and tenderness in her lovely voice.

"Could you come back to me Douglas,
Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true."

The man bowed his head and sobbed like a boy. He must see her singing like that—singing alone and thinking—yes, thinking that she might have been kinder to her vagabond husband.

The voice ceased and the melody like rippling water twisted into tuneful keys crept softly ont. It was good to think of Hellen here in his old home, in the home where his mother had spent her happy young life. He knew how she fitted into the luxury of it, how the comfort rested her. She must not go away. This must be her home.

"If I had died and my brother had lived he might have sent for her—he might have offered her a home here. There would be nothing to startle the prudent old world in that. Then that is what must happen. It is I who have died. The details—all that will come later. She won't know, my Hellen will never know that I am giving her up for her own sake. But perhaps some time—some time——" the man staggered. Again the sweet voice came to him. He crept close to the wall and along to the open window.

A Carolina jessamine grew about the window, and the last of its golden trumpets hung among the slender leaves. Their rich perfume was in keeping with his wife's sweet personality and in harmony with the low, passionate song.

At length he stood under the window.

"Now all men besides are to me like shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true."

He was looking at her now. The picture was one that fascinated his artist-soul. And she was his wife! But for her sake, for her own sweet sake, she must not know that he was near her, that by stretching out his hand he might lay it on her.

And then the door opened and closed and Dick Mallard entered the room.

"Hellen, Hellen!" he said softly, wonderingly, as if he were not sure that he saw aright, and yet with a curious ring of gladness in his voice. "Hellen!"

The man outside the window saw his wife's face change. The softness left it, the little smiling mask that women so often wear fell upon it. Her whole expression changed. There was no crash of keys, but the spirit of the music was different. She stood up and held out her hand. She was wearing still the soft gray, trailing gown. It was like a bit of the mountain mist folded about her. The thought came even now that it had been bought with his brother's gift of money, but no matter. She wore it with the grace of a queen and she was passing fair to other eyes than his.

Mallard! In the old studio days Mallard had been the youngest of the group that clustered about Hellen's father in the dingy old studio. Into this group Allie Graves had made his way, and from it he had carried Hellen, the center of it all. He had laughed then at Dick Mallard's boyish disappointment, but afterward he had wondered if there were not times when Hellen thought regretfully of her studio subjects and perhaps of the yellow-haired Adonis who had been too young to be regarded seriously.

And now this boy had changed. He was a man past his first youth, a man a year or two older than Hellen. But his eyes were unaltered and in their depth lived the old, glad light that was amusing in the studio days.

And Hellen was smiling in the way that women know.

"Why, Dick, is it you?"

"I believe so, but where have you come from—how is it that you are here?"

"Could anything be simpler? I am come from going to and fro upon the earth to pay a visit to my husband's brother," she said, laughing.

"Ah, yes. But I thought that between these two brothers a great gulf had been fixed."

"And didn't you know that death bridges such chasms? Mr. Graves' sent for me. Poor Allie has become a sort of thorn in his ailing flesh. He sent for Allie, too. But my husband had gone on a journey to the West. He is still seeking his fortune. He will be surprised to know that I am here."

The man at the window felt strengthened. He liked the way, although it was but a playful way, that she kept him before Dick Mallard.

How handsome Dick looked! What a good thing it was to stand there in the same room with Hellen! What a miserable thing to be an outsider, clad in a rain-bedraggled dressing gown, peeping over a window ledge in the character of an eccentric, conscience-stricken brother-in-law!

The door opened again and Elsie Cameron entered. It was easy to see that her entrance was an interruption. In her prim little gown, with her pink and white face, she was like an immature bud beside the full-blown, perfectly-ripened beauty of Hellen Graves.

"Why, Dick!" she said with shining eyes, "we didn't know that you had arrived. You've been introduced to Mrs. Graves?"

"I'm not sure," he laughed. "We knew each other so long ago."

"Ah! So long ago?"

"When the world was young, Elsie, young to us as it is young to you now," he said, laughing softly. "The truth is, we are very old friends, meeting after many years of separation."

After this they drifted into talk of old times, including Elsie in the conversation with a word of explanation now and then.

The man outside turned away from the window and crept back to the garden. When he had passed through the wet tangle of sweet-scented foliage and stood before the door of the narrow passage he saw a gaunt female figure standing there against the dim light of a candle.

"Why, Mr. Graves, is it you?"

He looked up into the housekeeper's astonished face.

"It is I," he said grimly, his knees trembling beneath him.

"Why, what has come over you? I've never known you to do a thing like this. I went up to carry you a message and you were not in your room. I felt the draught and came here."

He passed the woman in silence. She looked wonderingly after him. He felt her eyes on him and trembled.

Ah, yes, for Hellen's sake he must go away—far away where he might enjoy the comfort of not being expected to know things!

He heard the housekeeper tiptoeing cautiously behind him. At the stair he turned.

"I don't think you are able to be out, sir," she said in a sort of whisper.

He went silently on, and the housekeeper kept behind him. She had not seen him alone till now, he remembered. Cupid had always been with him. He felt a sudden fear of the gaunt, grim old woman.

"Go away," he said. "I can go alone. I'm not a dead man yet, Mrs. Sylvester."

"You were mighty near it two weeks ago, Mr. Graves, and you've not been the same man since."

It seemed to him that there was a curious significance in her tone. His hand shook as it lay upon the railing. But the housekeeper was going away from him down the narrow passage. With the light of the candle like a luminous fringe outlining her tall, thin figure.

In his room he sat down. Cupid had waked and was puttering busily about. His presence was not a disturbing one. He was like any other article of furniture in the room. And he was the only person that the man could be sure of. He knew Cupid. He was not afraid that the old negro would know him.

Cupid, busy over his packing, stupid from his stolen hour of sleep, was not obtrusive.

"I'll go. I'l—she shall think of me as of one dead. She shall not go again from the comfort of my old home unless—unless——

"Mallard! If I am dead to her, if—— But I might come back as Robert Graves, I might win her again. What's in a name? If she loves me, if she cares—I shall bring her back the same personality, the same devotion, the same attraction that must by natural law draw her to me. Besides, for a while she would be safe—safe in her widow's weeds." He laughed grimly. "And then, in the character of her rich brother-in-law, I shall come home and—and——" He walked up and down with his hands clasped on his breast.

"It is perfectly safe, perfectly safe, and besides, if it shouldn't be—when—I—come back—when I come back——" He had stopped before an open window and stood looking out into the dim, starlit night. Cupid had gone out. The man was alone.

Slowly his figure seemed to heighten and strengthen. A singular dignity fell upon it. His thin, dark, handsome face was raised from the wrappings in which it had been half buried. A smile that was somehow like the shine of the stars in the dusk outside lighted it.

"When I come back she shall make her choice between us, her free, unhampered choice. If it is Mallard—if it is Mallard"—the smile faded and flashed back into its place—"if it is Mallard, then Hellen shall be happy. She shall live here, mistress of the old home, queen of the social world of which it is the center. And my secret, my ghastly secret, shall be safe in the old wine vault. Nobody will ever know. No crime shall touch my Hellen with its curse. I was not able to win for her a place in the world, I am one of the men who has failed. But now the time has come, the time has come. She'll never know, never, never! but all the same it will be true that I have done this thing for her sake."

The face of the man was glorified as he turned it boldly to the light. Old Cupid coming in started at sight of it.

"Marse Robert, 'fo' de Lawd you looked at me with Marse Allie's eyes!" he said, cowering at his own mention of the long-forbidden name.

And the man by the window, hearing and remembering, shrank again into the wrapping about him.

"Don't fail to be ready tomorrow at ten. I want to call at John Quill's office. Allow a quarter of an hour for that. That's all. Go to bed now."

Another installment of this extremely interesting story will appear in next week's issue of this paper. The Ledger is without question the best family paper for the price of subscription now published in the United States. Special free gifts of cameras and patterns are offered on other pages of this paper. Do not miss them.

Miss Devor's Diplomacy

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

Miss Medora Devor had not attained to the estate of 55 years, alert, self-satisfied, and, truth to tell, sprightly, without having learned to have her own sweet will in most matters upon which she had set her heart.

But for once she was tempted to believe that fates had conspired against her. And this was because Royal Devor, her nephew and prospective heir, failed to meet her matrimonial views on his behalf.

"It's of no use," he assured her with a droll smile. "What matter if the properties do join? And how could I be so conceited as to suppose the young lady would cast a glance on so humble an aspirant as a poor newspaper hack?"

"H'mph!" snorted the old lady. "Fine appellation for the writer of the strongest and most original editorials writen in the West! And you only 28——"

His quizzical eyes regarded her over his magazine.

"Too young by far to settle down!"

"Young!" she echoed, with a shameless change of base. "Why, your father was married at 23!"

"Ah!" sighed young Devor. "What a reckless blade he must have been!"

Baffled, but not completely confounded, Miss Devor tried another tack.

"I've heard Rosine was much admired abroad."

"Is it possible?"

"Don't be horrid, Royal. You haven't seen her for years. Girls change."

"My recollection of Miss Ferris assures me there was room for improvement. She was a regular young gypsy—thin, all angles and eyes, and black hair. About as graceful, too, as an amateur acrobat!" He tossed his cigarette in the grate, and rose.

"Aunt Medora, I may as well confess, I've lately seen the young lady for whom you harbor hopes of such a flattering alliance."

"There! You're being abominable again! But did you really see her? Where?"

"The Ferris carriage passed me yesterday. I was not recognized, of course, for it is twelve years since I was guilty of putting sandburs in Rosine's hair, and she retaliated by painting my white bulldog in stripes of chrome yellow and burnt sienna." He gave a joyous shout at the recollection.

"Rosine was four years your junior. Besides, you began it!"

"I didn't get a good look at her yesterday, but I noticed her complexion was pasty, and as for her figure—like Byron," he explained, "I hate a dumpy woman!"

Miss Devor's eyes opened very wide. She opened her lips—and closed them again. Then she sauntered over to the center table. Standing with her back to him, she slipped from her portfolio a square cardboard, which she left face downward on the mahogany.

"Now that you know the family have returned, you will go tearing back to town, I suppose, as you did three years ago when you found our nomadic neighbors were for a while at the Birches."

"The exigencies of my profession——" he began.

"Fiddlesticks!" commented his aunt.

She laughed leniently and left the room. Royal, walking over to the table for something to read, picked up the photograph.

"Oh, I say, what a stunner! Who can she be, I wonder?"

It was certainly a face of bewitching loveliness that looked up at him with such dimpling, delicious gravity. The nose was pure Greek, the chin softly rounded. The mouth, with its short upper lip, was provokingly piquant.

And the eyes held a good deal of the sort of mystery a man under 30—and over, too—takes pleasure in fathoming.

He asked Miss Medora about the picture at luncheon.

"Oh," she replied, looking annoyed, "it must be that of Miss Dobbs. Hers is in the library."

"And who is Miss Dobbs?"

"My companion, who is coming this afternoon."

"Good!" he exclaimed.

"Royal, you said you were going back to town!"

"A touch of that old articular rheumatism, my dear aunt——"

"Tell that to the marines!" advised his aunt.

She departed on her afternoon drive. Royal, determined to propitiate whatever gods there be by faith in their benevolence, entrenched himself in the library window overlooking the green lawn just now starred with dandelions. He fell to hoping the arrival of Miss Dobbs might mitigate the tedium of his protracted visit.

Sure enough, just as the glorious day in early summer was at its mellowest, up to the house came walking a tall and stately young woman, whose carriage was one of admirable lightness and grace.

It was Devor who reached the door before the servant and opened it.

"Miss Dobbs!" he exclaimed. "Come in. My aunt has not returned from her drive, but she mentioned expecting you."

She stared at him blankly. Then a smile curved her lips. She walked past him into the library like one who knew the way well. A photograph on a cabinet met her eye.

"This old thing!" she laughed. "I sent it to Miss Devor from Florence a year ago." She touched the electric button.

"You will please bring me the headache tablets that are on Miss Devor's toilet table," she directed the maid, who responded.

"Your aunt is lying down at our house," she explained to Devor. "She asked me to come over for her headache remedy. Royal," she burst out, at sight of his astonished countenance, "is it possible you don't know me yet? Mamma passed you when she was out driving. My former governess, who is coming as companion to your aunt, was with her."

Devor pulled his wits together with a mighty effort.

"As if I could forget the animal painter!" he reminded her.

"I wish you had forgotten her artistic achievement!" she cried. "Be merciful!"

Royal insisted on walking to the Birches with her. He was very anxious, he said, about his aunt. And then, he must carry the headache powders. At the Birches he was introduced to the excellent but unprepossessing Miss Dobbs.

"You were admiring her picture you found in the library this morning," Miss Medora slyly remarked. She was absurdly cheerful for one supposed to be suffering.

"The picture I found was one of Rosine," he corrected her.

"Oh, was it?" she returned with delightful indifference. One would have thought it was not of the least consequence to her.

As, indeed, why should it be? For she had seen that in her boy's handsome eyes when he looked at Rosine that which told her there would be no further necessity for the exercise of diplomacy on her part.

"It will all come right," she told herself exultantly. "It will all come exactly right."

"Just think, he didn't know me!" cried Rosine, blushing entrancingly.

"I know you now," said Royal Devor, significantly.

SISTER'S TRICK

But All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength because for a fleeting moment it stimulated my weakened powers. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister, Mrs. U. S. Showalter, substituted a cup of crisp, hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee, but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice to the good this cereal drink can do. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Rev. Enick's Triumph.

One of the 200 subscribers of the Wallonia (Ky.) Democrat, having nothing else to do, brought the editor in a load of green hickory poles to pay for another year's subscription, and after unloading the poles in the weeds near the front door, went into the editor's sanctum.

"What's goin' on down in the Hog Ford section, Jeff?" asked the editor.

"Everything's as dry as fodder down our way. No news to speak of. The only thing that's happened down there in the last month was that Sid Cotrell's mule fell in a ditch, I believe."

"Kill 'm?" queried the editor.

"Who, Sid?"

"No, the mule."

"Yes, it killed the mule, and come in an inch of killin' Sid, as a feller down the road jest had offered him a shotgun and $20 for the mule."

"That's hard luck. Do you know of anything else worth publishing?"

"Lemme see. Yes; I don't reckon you heerd about what a smart preacher Enick Oliver of the Hawg Ford church has turned out to be. You know Hawg Ford church has been about to peter out of late on account of the fleas. You never saw a place so full of fleas as Hawg Ford church was. Why, they got so bad that Brother Oliver would have to stop off in his sermon about every ten minutes and let his congregation go out and scratch their backs ag'in the saplin's and fence corners.

"They kept multiplyin' and multiplyin' till the congregation just rose up and said something would have to be done, and they hinted that Brother Oliver was the one to do it.

"Some of the boys was in favor of slippin' over there some night and stickin' a torch to the old church, but Dock Merritt wasn't at all in favor of that. He allowed them fleas would all have to emigrate som'ers else if they got burnt out, and that they was shore to ever' one come over to his house, just across the road, so that idea was finally knocked out.

"Well, one day, soon after that, I heard Brother Oliver down in the woods behind the church, and he was jumpin' around over the bresh, hollerin' 'Sewey, there! Sewey! Sewey!' He was drivin' in a drove of hawgs. He had about twenty-five, I guess—ever' man's hawg he could find.

"'Brother Oliver, whut do you reckon you air doin'?' I asked him.

"'Jest never you mind, Brother Jeff, but come to church next Sunday.'

"And what do you reckon that fool preacher done with all them hawgs? He drove 'em into that church and locked the door, and let 'em stay in there all night. The next mornin' he turned 'em out, and they brought ever' last one of them fleas out with 'em. The congregation's goin' to give Brother Enick a $10 raise next year."

3 O'Clock P. M. Train From Chicago is the Atlantic Express.

One of six through trains daily from Chicago to New York over Pennsylvania Short Lines. All have Pullman sleeping cars, parlor and dining car service. Passengers have choice of going via Baltimore and Washington on Philadelphia and New York tickets at direct line fares. Privilege of ten days' visit at the National Capital; also ten days' stop-overs at Baltimore and at Philadelphia. Refer to C. L. Kimball, A. G. P. Agt., No. 2 Sherman street, Chicago, for particulars.

Primitive People.

Among the ruined cities of Peru nearly fifty different kinds of musical instruments have been found. Unique among these are many double whistling jars or musical water bottles. Near the top of the first or front jar, which is usually surmounted by a human or animal figure, is the opening of the whistle. When the jars have been partly filled and are swung backward and forward, a number of whistling sounds are produced. As the vessel swings forward and upward, the water is lowered in the first jar and rises in the other. In the backward motion it rushes back into the first, forcing the air out through the whistle.

Writing of "Savage and Civilized Dress," Edwin Swift Balch says that while it might be assumed that the superior development of the brain of civilized man would result in some form of dress far better and more tasteful than anything found among savages, it may be doubted whether this is the case. One marked error of civilized dress is its interference with the proper ventilation of the skin. The human animal breathes with his entire skin; refuse matter is thrown off as perspiration through every pore. The fact is well known, but in the garments of civilization it is almost universally unrecognized.

Savages readily discern that the most curious deformity achieved by civilized people is produced in their feet by means of the civilized shoe. Colonel Henry, a medical officer, asserts that a large proportion of the volunteers for the United States army have to be rejected on account of imperfect feet. Savage peoples do not distort their feet. They wear sandals or moccasins or fur boots, but their footgear always conforms to, and does not have to be broken in by, the foot.

Beauty of Expression.

It is often the plain men and women who inspire the deepest and most lasting affection, and this is probably due to the fact that their play and power of facial expression not only atone for their lack of regular beauty, but reveal such an attractive side that no more charm is needed to captivate a lover.

A hundred pleading letters, dozens of entreating messages, will leave a heart unmoved, whereas one pathetic, yearning look from a pair of soulful eyes will break down the barrier that was, and may be, threatening to divide two lives.

A scornful, imperceptible curl of a pretty lip, an intercepted flash of malice, or a vindictive glance from bright eyes, will throw a new and disquieting light upon the character of a man or a woman.

Indian Reservation Openings.

On June 15th the lands set aside by the Government for homestead entry in the Red Lake, Winnibigoshish, White Oak Point, Deer Creek, Bois Fort, Chippewa and Pigeon River Indian reservations in Minnesota, will be thrown open for settlement. All of these lands are reached by the Great Northern Railway. Send for folder containing full information, maps, etc., and for rates. Address F. I. Whitney, Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Misquoted.

Muggins—I understand you said I was a fool the other day. Is the report true?

Fifkins—No, I never said you was a fool the other day. I merely said you had been a fool all the days of your life.

Wholesale Destruction.

The screaming shell its tale doth tell,
The round shot rends and crunches,
And 'neath the wave an endless grave
The warships sink in hunches.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
32 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 60 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $1.35 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

625,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING
TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 28
CHICAGO, ILL.

Today's worry is the result of yesterday's neglect.

Good actors and good architects draw good houses.

Japan feels that it needs Port Arthur in its business.

When you feel for the poor put your hand into your purse.

Some men are freethinkers and some others are married.

Help boost the bloodless Fourth and shame the lockjaw microbe.

When a man's hair begins to get thin he needs either a tonic or a divorce.

Beware of keyholes. It was Eve's dropping that caused Adam's downfall.

Don't forget that your neighbors can smell fried onions farther than roast turkey.

Just when the undertaker gets ready to give a man the earth he doesn't want it.

Don't think because a girl's complexion is a dream that all dreams are hand-painted.

As the bride never marries the best man at her wedding, naturally many marriages are failures.

As Port Arthur does not get the Paris papers it has no way of knowing when it has fallen and with what loss.

Even the wise man who thinks he knows it all doesn't know why the strenuous old hen lays an egg instead of standing it on end.

Perhaps you can dig around in the basement and find those tan shoes you were wearing when they suddenly went out of style.

Judge Parker's wife is a fine horsewoman. The Judge may or may not be able to ride a horse, but he can quite gracefully straddle an issue.

If the man who was given permission by the Detroit judge to spank his wife went home and acted on the permit he may show up later in the line for part of the hero fund.

Near Canton, China, women are doing men's work in railway construction, but the account is not complete without the information that the men are at home minding the babies.

As was to have been expected, Secretary Moody's trouble turns out to be not the measles but the roseola. It seemed hardly possible that a cabinet officer would have anything so plebeian as the measles.

A Wild Wedding Night;

Or

THE HEIRESS OF HALCYON HALL.

BY, T C. HARBAUGH.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 21, May 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET MY PREY.

So I was to meet Don Luis Potosi face to face; not only to meet him, but to fascinate and rob him at the first opportunity in the interests of justice.

There was no telling how my strange mission would end; I was to enter the lion's den—a duty which by right devolved upon one of the sterner sex; but I had promised, and for Marcia's sake I would carry out my promise or perish in the attempt.

I returned to Marcia's home and made ready for the adventure.

Marcia should be made acquainted with as much of my mission as she should know, so I told her that I was to quit the house for a short time, and when she demurred, as I thought she would, I added that it was in the interests of justice, and she acquiesced.

Fortunately, I did not encounter Judith in the house, and in a short time I had inaugurated my mission.

My first visit was to a little woman who knew the art of disguise to perfection, and there I became as unlike myself as possible, thanks to Doctor Crossley's money, and soon afterward I entered the French quarter in search of the Red Casino.

Of this place I had heard something. It was a notorious gambling den frequented by members of both sexes, and the red light over the door had given it its name.

Entering the place I took a seat at one of the tables and called for light wine.

While I waited I had a chance to take in my surroundings, and I did so. The large room was well filled. Here and there were tables where little parties sat gambling, and every now and then came to my ears the shouts of the victors and the hoarse imprecations of those not so fortunate.

The players for the most part represented many nationalities. I could see the sleek eyes of the Frenchman, the sallow face of the Spaniard and the darker skin of the Greek. They were all mixed up, but I did not fail to notice that each nationality played by itself.

But where was Antonio Ferral?

I ran my searching eyes over the groups and noted each particularly.

In search of the man I had come to see, I watched all closely and with interest.

At last I singled out a man whom I took to be the one I wanted.

He was playing over in one corner of the room at a table about which a little group had gathered, for the game had become exciting, and I moved my position for a better view.

Just as I dropped into the new seat I heard a mad oath that rose above the din, and in another instant two men sprang back from the table, each armed with a knife.

"He cheats," I heard some one say at my elbow. "They have caught Antonio at last."

The two men faced each other like tigers; their eyes suddenly burst into flames, as it seemed, and they glared at one another like wild beasts.

'Which is Antonio?" I asked my nearest companion.

"That tall one there—the man in black. He dresses like an angel. Ah! he is wise with cards and women."

I looked again and saw that it was Don Luis Potosi.

Then I looked at his hand and saw his dark fingers wound round the handle of the dagger he held, and I thought I caught a sight of the head of the ebony handle and that it bore the head of the Nazarene.

"You cheat!" hissed the man whom he faced, a little fellow with pool-black eyes and a ringing voice.

"You like, Pedro. The cards are even now up your sleeve, and have been all evening."

There was a sound like that which issues from the throat of a wild beast just before its spring, and the next instant there was a dash forward straight at Don Luis, and he went back over the chair as though a great missile had struck him squarely in the breast.

So terrible was the impact, and so quickly, too, that Don Yuis had no time to strike, and the two went to the floor, the little man on top hissing out his anger with all the fury of his soul.

My heart rose in my throat for very horror, but only for a moment, and then I recalled Doctor Crossley's last words.

"You must protect Antonio Ferral from his enemies, if you can; you must save his life even at the risk of your own. Remember that this is for Marcia's sake."

With these words surging through my mind I sprang up and dashed straight at the combatants.

It was just in time that I seized the maddened arm, for in another instant the steel would have entered the heart of the Portuguese and my mission would have ended at the Red Casino.

In a jiffy I was the object of imprecations and shouts of every kind.

A dozen hands were thrust forward to loosen my grip, but I pulled away from them all and, throwing myself upon the Portuguese's foe, I managed to pull him aside.

This interference enabled Don Luis to extricate himself from his perilous position, which he did at once, still gripping the little dagger, and in another moment he stood erect, looking first at me and then at his enemy.

"Take the wench away!" cried some one. "Let Pedro at the cheater and he will avenge us all."

Don Luis straightened and stepped between us and the wild crowd.

His face had reassumed its accustomed immobility and he was himself once more.

"No one shall touch the woman," he said. "The first one who lays hands on her dies like a dog!"

Then he touched me and loosened my grip on the other's wrist and I stood up.

Pedro growled at us for a moment and shot baleful glances from his mad eyes, but did not venture to resume the combat.

Don Luis led me from the scene and took a seat at a table some distance away.

"You need some wine," he said, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "The little tussle has tingled your nerves. You did not want Pedro to use his knife?"

"Not on you, at least."

My words seemed to puzzle him greatly, and when the wine came he looked over my glass and asked:

"Who are you, Miss?"

"I am Rose Evangel."

"A pretty name, by my soul!" he laughed. "I never met you before, but that doesn't matter."

"I have seen you often, Antonio. I have admired from a distance and that is why I did not care to see Pedro's knife lose itself in your heart."

I saw that my avowal had flattered him, and I continued:

"I trust I have done you a little service tonight."

"You have. Pedro is quicker than a cat. I might have received him in style, but he jumped at me a moment before I was prepared for the scoundrel."

"I saw it all. You will meet again, I fear."

"It shall not be a meeting of my choosing. I care nothing for Pedro, but he must not follow up the quarrel. Ah, drink your wine, Miss! It will give you nerves. So you have admired Antonio? What women you Americans are, to be sure! Here's a health to the fairest of them all—Senorita Evangel of New Orleans," and I knew that my introduction to Antonio Ferral had been successful, though exciting.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOTHS OF LOVE.

The next day and the next I saw nothing of Don Luis Potosi.

I managed to acquaint Doctor Crossley with the outcome of my adventure at the Red Casino, and he was pleased. But I heard nothing from Marcia, though I grew anxious to know how matters were coming on at the Pattison mansion.

Each evening I went to the Red Casino, but did not meet the man I was to shadow.

What had become of him? Had he become suspicious and left the city? It could not be, for I was sure he had not penetrated my disguise, nor was he afraid of the man who had attempted his life.

"Go to his rooms," said the doctor. "Enter there and make the search I want made."

I resolved to do so. That same night found me in the little street where the Portuguese lived, and in a short time I had entered the house, having been admitted by the doorkeeper, a small woman of foreign blood.

She looked at me suspiciously for a moment, but permitted me to ascend the narrow stair, as I told her that I was Antonio's friend and had been sent to the house to get a packet for him. Perhaps other women had climbed these stairs before me and I was considered no better than they.

It was a little room where Antonio lived. The walls were adorned with photographs of women, there was a table in the middle and a couch at one side of it, and the carpet had been well trodden.

The room itself was dark, but I soon made a light, and in another moment was searching it.

In the wardrobe I found a lot of garments over which I went with eager hands. Holding the lamp in one hand I pushed them this way and that while my eyes searched for traces of what Doctor Crossley most wanted to discover.

As I moved a coat fell to the floor and I picked it up. I was about to restore it to the garment when darkish stains arrested my attention and I held it to the light.

"Blood!" I said to myself. "This is blood, and Doctor Crossley wants more blood for his laboratory."

I thrust the handkerchief in my bosom, shut the door of the wardrobe and turned away.

In another instant I heard voices in the hall below and started when I recognized Don Luis Potosi's.

Springing back to the table I placed the light upon it, drew a chair to its edge and took up a book lying on the cloth.

Footsteps came up the stair and I pretended to be oblivious to the sound.

Now, if ever, I needed my nerves.

The knob turned and I looked around. Sure enough, the Portuguese stood before me.

"You?" he cried, coming forward. "You, Senorita Rose? Welcome to the humble abode of Antonio. Angels seldom come thither, so that you are doubly welcome. You come into my life like a new chapter," and he leaned over and his cold lips touched my forehead.

"I have not seen you for three days," I said, looking boldly into his face. "I could not wait any longer, for I feared that Pedro's knife had found you. So I came to your home, Antonio, and I am glad all my fears are nothing at last."

"You are kind. Ah! it is good that you have come into my life like a ray of sunshine," and he would have resumed his caresses had not I started back and disengaged his arms.

I hated myself for the part I was playing, even against this dark-faced man. I was drawing a human life into a death trap, but it was for Marcia's sake, and this thought nerved me anew and threw all my prickings of conscience to the winds.

Then he took a seat on the other side of the table and talked about himself. He told me the story of his life, whether true or not I did not know, but a chapter or two which he did unravel I could believe, for one of them referred to a bride whom he had lost at the altar.

As he talked his dark eyes glowed and his words trembled.

"You have had many loves, I see," said I, sweeping my hand toward the faces on the walls.

"Fireflies," he said with a laugh. "The poor moths who burned themselves at the flame of love. They were nothing to Antonio."

"Then I shall not be another moth," and I rose as if indignant. "You shall not call Rose Evangel a moth who burned her wings on the altar of a passing passion."

"Stay!" he cried, springing from his chair. "You mistrust me, Senorita Rose. I do not catalogue you with those yonder. You must not misconstrue my language. I do not forget the little episode at the Red Casino. I owe you more than you think, for fortune that night may have favored Pedro. You are not going? I will have Mother Ducos send up some of her wine and we will forget enemies in the glass."

I did not want wine that night, for I wanted nerves of steel to carry out my designs, so I forbade him sending down to Mother Ducos, and he acquiesced.

"You had a pretty dagger the night you faced Pedro," said I, loking him fairly in the face.

"Do you think so? Well, Pedro had one just as good. It is these doctored points that kill—not the great thrust by an arm of steel."

"The doctored points? I don't understand."

"How innocent you American women are!" he laughed.

"Ever so."

"And as pretty as angels."

"Come, you must not flatter, or the angel will take wings and fly away."

He leaned across the table, his eyes glowing with passion, but I pushed him back.

"So your dagger had a doctored point, as you call it?" I resumed, getting back to the subject.

"Yes, my life. Let me show you."

He reached in his bosom and I held my breath as he drew forth a dagger, the handle of which was black and carved.

"Ah!" I cried, "that is the one. That is the one you would have thrust into Pedro's bosom."

He looked at the dagger with glistening eyes and ran his fingers over it until he he reached the needle-like point, where he suddenly stopped.

"Would you let me see it?"

"Be careful, Senorita," he said as he pushed the dagger handle first across the table. "Its point is death."

I picked the weapon up and looked not at the sharp point, but at the handle.

It was there—the head of Christ—and as I looked I recalled my first interview with Dagobert Gray when he showed me the dagger which was the counterpart of this, if not the same weapon.

As I turned it over and over in my hand I felt that the dark eyes of my companion were riveted upon me. I almost felt his breath on my face and I knew that one false move, one betrayal of my mission by look or movement, would condemn me to the point of that deadly thing.

"It is very pretty," said I at last. "I trust it has never killed."

"Don't be to sure of that," he answered. "A dagger like this one must have a history. It could not be otherwise. You see the head of Christus? It was carved a century ago by Paulo, the famous carver; he died by his own dagger."

I essayed to draw back and shudder.

"Come; you must not be frightened at such a little thing as this if you are to become Antonio's love," he laughed. "The dagger never fails. Whenever Antonio wants a friend he comes back to the head of Christus. Now will you give me a kiss, little angel?' and as he spoke he darted round the table and I saw again the flashing eyes not of Antonio Ferral, but of Don Luis Potosi.

CHAPTER XVI

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Oh, for a moment of Samson's strength to resist the man-demon who hovered over me!

He neither spoke nor gestured; he simply came round the table like a wildcat and the distance between us was so narrow and the time so short that for a second I gave myself up for lost.

Why had Doctor Crossley sent me into the meshes of this man? Why had I accepted the dangerous mission when I knew or felt that Ferral was Potosi, the man whom I had seen hurl a woman over the cliffs of Halcyon Hall, and the man, too, whom I had caught under Mrs. Pattison's roof the night of the mysterious music in the red parlor?

It was too late to repent now—too late to draw back. I staggered away, looking.

him in the face and making a mute appeal for mercy and honor, but that did not stop the demon.

"One kiss—just one, my angel!" he cried. "I will ask no more. The moths over on the wall gave me that—the poor moths who foolishly fluttered around the flame of love——"

"Until they fell into the all-devouring fire," I found myself saying with desperate effort.

He laughed at this, caught one of my wrists and pulled me toward his brutal lips.

I felt my last strength waning; my muscles seemed to collepse and the following moment I would have felt those lips on my cheek if the door had not opened.

I heard the turn of the knob and looked toward the door.

"Devil!" said a voice human but yet not so.

Don Luis turned, but did not release his grip on my wrist.

What I saw tingled every fiber of my frame. There in the doorway stood a figure in black.

It was the figure of a woman, but the face was veiled and the hands gloved. Still, it seemed to me that I saw eyes flash fire behind the veil and when one of the hands shot upward I saw a finger straightened out until it covered the passion-hued face of the man-devil from across the sea.

Don Luis dropped my hand and stood for a moment statue-like in the middle of the apartment.

His glow turned from red to white. The fiery face seemed transformed into one of marble; he glared at the veiled one and tried to speak, but failed.

"At your old tricks, demon?" the strange one continued. "I did not expect to catch you thus."

The man laughed for the first time since his desperate fear had taken possession of his soul.

"Go!" said the one in black, looking at me. "Leave me alone with this man."

Glad to get away—away from the claws of the Portuguese tiger—I sprang to the door.

There was vengeance in the tones in which the command was spoken. I saw them standing face to face, the hand of the woman still covering the man's face and her figure drawn to a queenly height as she faced him.

I shut the door behind me, sprang down the steps, almost staggering in the swift descent, and then out upon the street. At last I was out of the tiger's lair. The lights of the street, what there were, seemed to dance like fireflies before my vision, my brain reeled, but I did not fall. The air revived me, I ran on until at last I paused for breath.

Then I gathered courage as one will when free from immediate danger and composed my thoughts. What was transpiring in the house I had just left? Why didn't I loiter in its vicinity and watch for the woman in black? Perhaps she would not come out; perhaps she would fall a victim to the poisoned dagger with the head of Christ, for Don Luis might obtain the ascendency and then—— I knew what would happen if he should.

But I did not turn back.

Instead, I made my way to Doctor Crossley's office and burst in upon him.

He started on seeing me and nearly dropped the glass he held in his hand.

"What is it?" he cried. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"Not a ghost, but a devil."

"Where?"

"Where Antonio Ferral lives."

"Ah! You have had another meeting with him?"

"Yes."

He gave me back my composure with a draught of something that went through my flame like a soothing potion, and I told my story.

Then, when I threw upon his table the blood-stained kerchief which I had found in the wardrobe, his face changed color. He looked triumphant.

"You are worth your weight in gold, Lucie," he exclaimed. "We will attend to this later on,'" and he swept the trophy into a drawer and locked it. "But the woman in black?"

I shook my head.

"What's that you once told me about seeing a woman in black hurled from the cliffs of Halcyon Hall?"

"But it could not have been that victim. Those cliffs are high, you know——"

"This creature who confronted Antonio Ferral tonight was robed in black, wasn't she?"

"Yes, yes——"

"Like the one you saw the night before the wedding eve?"

"Exactly."

"The same height?"

"So far as I could see."

"And the voice?"

"My God, the same! I heard it out once that night, you know, and never since until tonight, if the two are the same."

Doctor Crossley was silent for a moment.

"Your mission ends tonight," he said, when he spoke again. "I suppose you do not care to continue it?"

"No, no," I shuddered.

"I am satisfied. You can now go back to her."

My heart gave a great leap for joy at the dismissal.

"I thank you. I hope I have brought you the evidence you desired——"

"Time will tell, Miss Quigg," he interrupted. "I sent you out upon that mission, dangerous as I knew it to be, for her sake."

"For the sake of no other would I have undertaken it," said I.

"I thank you again. Your reward will come later on."

I rose to go, but paused at the table. Doctor Crossley looked up at me, his eyes shining with victory while I regarded him.

"Have you any word for her—for Marcia?" I asked.

"No." He started as he spoke. "Do not mention your mission to her."

"I promise."

As I left the room I glanced back and saw him bowed over the table, his face in his hands like a man in the power of uncontrollable grief.

With this vision to partly blot out the scenes I had lately witnessed on another street, I passed out and took my way toward Marcia's abode.

I was anxious to get back, even back to the house of crime where a hand had struck its mistress down, and as I hurried along I avoided as many as I could, held my head down to hide my face, and flitted over the pavement.

Ten minutes later I opened the door of the mansion with my night-key and passed into the wide hall. As I closed the door I happened to glance up the stair and saw Marcia there in white.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH I BECOME STUBBORN.

The next morning, fairly well recovered from my exciting adventures of the night, I came down and pushed open the door of the parlor.

"Good morning, Miss. Are you the first one up in this house?"

The light as yet in the room was not very strong, and I could not make out clearly the person who had spoken.

I could see, however, the figure of a man in one of the large chairs at the table upon which one of his arms rested, but the second and nearer look told me that he was a stranger to me. I wondered when and how he had entered the house, but from what had already transpired since my coming there I had no right to be surprised at anything.

"You are the maid—Miss Quigg, I believe," he went on.

"I am Miss Quigg," said I. "And you——"

"Oh, I am Mr. Pentham of the detective force. I should have introduced myself sooner——"

"Never mind that," I answered. "I did not know you were in the house."

"I've been here for some time."

The tones of the man, who was about five and thirty, were insolent in the extreme and angered me.

"Who let you in?" I asked.

"We never betray our friends, you see," he replied, as insolent as ever.

I did not speak again, but turned away and began some little duty as if to let him understand that I was not to be forced into telling anything I might know which he cared to find out. If some one had let him in, let that person reveal the secrets of the house if that one cared to do so, but I would not.

He eyed me for a time and crossed one leg over the other only to remove it and perform the same operation on the other.

"By the way, Miss Quigg—that's a name which reminds me of Dickens——"

"Sir!"

I had turned upon him angered almost beyond control, and he threw back his head and grinned.

"You came in late last night, Miss—or was it early this morning?"

"I have a key."

"Yes, they sometimes grant maids that privilege."

"I am not to report to any one outside the house, at any rate."

"Indeed! You forget, perhaps, that I have already acquainted you with my occupation."

"I forget nothing, sir."

"Then I presume that you refuse to tell me where you were last night."

"Your presumption is correct. I absolutely refuse to tell you anything about myself."

Mr. Pentham laughed again, a little more insolently than before, and tapped lightly on the table.

All this time I feared that Marcia would come down the stair and stalk into his presence.

That would be a catastrophe hard to overcome. I trembled when I thought of it, and mechanically moved nearer the door.

"Do you go out often of night?" queried the detective.

"When I please, sir."

"Woman-like," he went on. "You are addicted to wine, are you not, Miss Quigg?"

"I drink wine when it suits me."

"I thought so, especially at the Red Casino."

The words went through me like a dagger. What did this man know of my adventures in that place, and had he recognized me despite my disguise under the lights of the gaming den?

I own that I looked at him white-faced and amazed.

"Come; you need not convict yourself," he laughed again. "I merely suggested a nice place for a young lady to visit, you see."

There was no use denying my visit to the Red Casino; this man knew of it, no matter how he had made the discovery. Perhaps he had witnessed the altercation between Antonio Ferral, so called, and the gambler Pedro.

"What if I were at the Red Casino?" I said, putting a bold face on the matter. "What is that to you, Mr. Pentham, so long as my employers do not object?"

"It is nothing to me, I assure you, Miss Quigg, but, as I said a while ago, it isn't the nicest place for a maid to pass her evenings at. There are broils there—fights between men over the cards, and sometimes a woman gets mixed up in the frays."

I crossed the flowers of the carpet between us and stood looking down into his face as serene now as a May dawn.

"I've had an adventure there, I acknowledge it. I interfered in a fracas between two gamblers—between one Antonio Ferral and a man called Pedro."

"You are very frank, Miss. You came near being badly treated for your little intrusion."

"Doubtless."

"You took a fancy to Antonio, did you? A nice devil is he—a deuced fine man for a young girl to become infatuated with."

"I am of age, thank you, Mr. Pentham."

"You certainly look it," he observed cynically. "I would take you to be near thirty."

I smiled disdainfully and turned away.

At that moment I heard the swish of garments on the stair and my heart rose into my throat.

Was it Marcia, and was she coming down to reveal herself to this man and thus unravel the secret of the night of the tenth, to say nothing of what had followed it?

Pentham seemed to catch the same sounds, for I fancied that he started a little, just a trifle, and looked toward the open door.

"Patter, patter on the stair the slippered feet came down and I mentally calculated how long it would take for Marcia—I was now certain it was my mistress on the flight—to appear in the doorway.

I moved hastily toward the door when the voice of the detective was heard.

"Just a moment, Miss," he said. "Please stop where you are. I want to say something."

I did not stop until I had caught the door and swung it shut.

The next moment the detective rose from his chair and came forward.

"Open the door!" he commanded.

My answer was a firm meeting of the lips as I looked him squarely in the face, nor did I retire from the door.

"Open the door!" he repeated. "I can blast your reputation and you know it."

His threat had no terrors for me with Marcia on the stair, almost at the foot of it.

"You won't be permitted to remain in this house ten minutes if your visit to the Red Casino becomes known."

My reply was a defiant laugh as I braced myself against the closed door.

The footsteps outside reached the door and I felt the knob turned by an unseen hand.

"Will you disobey the law, Miss?" cried the detective. "Will you throw a glove into the face of justice?"

"Yes!"

As he put out a hand to break my hold on the knob I turned upon him and with all my strength forced him back. His foot struck a chair; he tried to recover, but failed, and went to the floor in a heap, and the next moment I opened the door, sprang out into the hall, shut the portal and turned the key in the lock, leaving Mr. Pentham a prisoner in the parlor.

Then I turned to see who had come down the stair and found myself face to face with Gorgon, the dwarf.

Another installment of this very captivating story will be presented in the Ledger of next week. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Safe Rule.

Mrs. Cobwigger—How long shall I keep the mustard plaster on my husband?

Dr. Jollier—About half an hour after he says he can't stand it any longer.

What Would Happen.

"I wonder what would happen if all these politicians always told the truth?"

"There wouldn't be any politicians."

Easy.

Uncle—Now, Tommy, suppose every one started out in life with the motto: "Lift Up." Do you know the consequence?

Tommy—Yes, sir. Everybody would be an elevator boy.

Superfluous.

Her Mother—Look here, Ernie, I thought your father told you not to encourage that young man?

Ernie—Oh, dear, mamma, that young man doesn't need any encouragement.

THE TROUBLES OF A POET.

BY MAX ADELER.

While Colonel Bangs, editor of the Argus, was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B——" said the Colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.

"S; oh, yes; I see! Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,' " said the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the kind! That's my name, Sam'l H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.' "

"I don't remember it," said the Colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase Tomorrow.' "

"A stupid blunder of the compositors, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the Colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way:

" 'Lying by a weeping willow underneath
a gentle slope.'

"That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is! Look at that! Made it read this way:

" 'Lying to a weeping widow to induce her
to elope!'

"Weeping widow, mind you! A widow! Oh! thunder and lightning! This is too much! It's enough to drive a man crazy!"

"I'm sorry," said the Colonel; "but——"

"But look a-here at the fourth verse," said the poet. "That's worse yet. What I said was:

" 'Cast thy pearls before the swine and lose
them in the dirt.'

"I wrote that out clearly and distinctly, in a plain, round hand. Now, what does your compositor do? Does he catch the sense of that beautiful sentiment? Does it sink into his soul? No, sir! He sets it up in this fashion. Listen!

" 'Cart thy pills before the sunrise and love
them if they hurt.'

"Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It's hard, that's a fact," said the Colonel.

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight:

" 'Take away the jingling money; it is only
glittering dross!'

"A man with only one eye, and a cataract over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate, upstairs there—do you know what he did? He made it read?

" 'Take away thy jeering monkeys on a
sorely glandered hoss!'

"By George, I felt like braining him with a fire-shovel! I was never so cut up in my life."

"It was natural, too," said the Colonel.

"There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

" 'I am weary of the tossing of the ocean
as it heaves.'

"It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror and the anguish of my family, when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into:

" 'I am wearing out my trousers till they're
open at the knees.'

"That is a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor; don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote:

" 'I swell the flying echoes as they roam
among the hills,
And I feel my soul awaken to the ecstasy
that thrills.'

"Now what do you s'pose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why, into this:

" 'I smell the frying shoes as they roast
along the bulls,
And I peel my soles mistaken to the rectory
that whirls.'

"Gibberish, sir! Awful gibberish! I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out, just now," said the Colonel. "Come around tomorrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."

Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted off downstairs.

Failed to Recognize It.

"You told me that moonstone pin would bring me good luck," said the indignant heiress, "and now Count Slimpurse has proposed to another girl and this morning my poodle was found cold in death."

"My dear young lady," calmly rejoined the optimistic jeweler with the bald pate, "what better luck could you ask for?"

Sure to Satisfy.

Friend—And do you think you can always please young girls with your predictions?

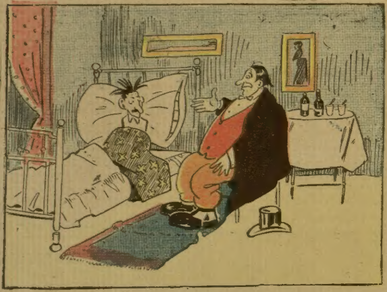
Fortune-Teller—Yes; all I have to do is tell them they are going to be married.

Pa's Idea of It.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what kind of modesty is false modesty?

Pa—False modesty is the kind other people have, my son.

MADE A DIFFERENCE.



Doctor—From now on you'll sleep like a baby.
Mr. Newpop—That sounds nice, but do you refer to my baby or some other?

Home Mottoes.

Peddler—Please, sir, perhaps your wife would be pleased if you'd buy one of my "God Bless Our Home" mottoes, beautifully colored and——

Blinkers (savagely)—Fellow! My wife has just applied for a divorce.

Peddler—Ah! Well, here is something she will like, then—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

On the Free List.

Diggs—It's surprising how much a copper will buy.

Biggs—Do you mean a cent or a policeman?

Diggs—Why, a cent, of course. Who ever heard of a policeman buying anything?

AGENTS WANTED

FREE GOLD WATCH! An American movement watch, fully warranted to keep correct time, in Solid Gold Plated case, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years, is given FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10 cents each. Send us your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and a chain. BOND JEWELRY CO., Dept. 24 CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

COMBINATION DIPPER SEVEN USEFUL ARTICLES in One. Samples FREE to agents, prepaid. 75 others, new and catchy. Write, postal will do. STAMPING CO., ANDOVER, N.Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders, no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED MEN IN EVERY STATE to travel and leave samples at stores; salary $60 per month; expenses advanced. Reliable Mfg. Co., Dept. 2, 340 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

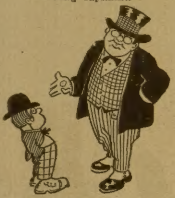
Agents Wanted
To take orders for our popular line of custom made clothing. No capital required Big money made by good salesmen. One agent made $80 in four days. Write at once for outfit before best territory is taken. Address
The Warrington W. & W. Mills, Dept 4, Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH
This watch has SOLID GOLD LAID [illegible] CASE, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, fully warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to SOLID GOLD WATCH guaranteed 25 years. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE to boys and girls or anyone selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send jewelry postpaid; when sold, send us $2 and we will POSITIVELY SEND you the WATCH and CHAIN. LIBERTY JEWEL CO., Dept. G33, CHICAGO
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$100. to $300. MONTHLY.
Men and women. Salesmen, Managers and General Agents. Delightful business year round. Hustlers getting rich. Write today for brand-new plan and Special Offer this month. 100 per cent profits. No risk. Goods well advertised. National reputation. Fully guaranteed. Customers delighted. We're an old firm, capital $100,000.00. Catalogue FREE. Any energetic man or woman can get good position, paying big wages.
WORLD MFG. CO.,
81 World Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL to AGENTS
SAMPLE ONLY 15C.
ALUMINUM TEA AND COFFEE STRAINER is made of one solid piece of aluminum. Has no joints to catch dirt and retain grease. No Kitchen Complete Without One. Light as a feather, beautiful as silver. Won't rust or wear out. Sample only 15 cts.
Agents wanted. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505. Pittsburgh, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Young Capitalist.



"What will you do with this penny?"

"Buy a automobile, an' a yacht an' put de rest in de bank."

Arabian Nights.

Morgiana had just discovered the Forty Thieves.

"Don't you think we should take their picture for the Rogues' Gallery?" asked Ali Baba.

"It would be quite useless," she replied. "I have done them in oil already."

Proudly pointing to the fatal jars, she displayed her ability in putting up preserves.

Woes of Matrimony.

"Of course," said the husband who made a specialty of manufacturing excuses, "the truth is bound to leak out some time."

"Yes," rejoined the other half of the matrimonial combine, "and I am inclined to believe that it leaked out of you long ago."

A Change of Moment.

"I've got my eyes on a girl who has a million dollars in her own name."

"Well?"

"Well, I was wondering if I should get her to change her name if any of her change would be in my name."

Joys of Married Life.

"Jane, I never see that sweetheart of yours any more. Formerly I never came into the kitchen that he wasn't here."

"Oh, he's married, mum."

"Married? To whom?"

"To me, mum."

The Obliging Conductor.

"Shall I get off this end of the car?" said a lady to the conductor on a Santa Fe train the other day as it pulled into Topeka.

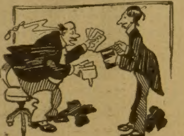
"Just suit yourself, madam," said the conductor, "both ends stop."

A Sudden Cure.

"Jones' cure was very quick, wasn't it?"

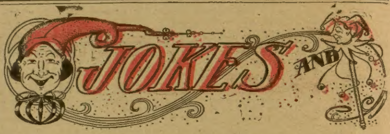
"Yes; his doctor received private information that his affairs were in bad shape."

Willing.



Caller—I'm taking up a collection of $1. Just a little charitable affair to help bury a politician.

Kickerty—Ah! Here, take $10 and go and bury ten of them.



TURN OVER TIME

When Nature Hints About the Food.

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good, then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal times were our busiest and eating too much and too quickly of food such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants, these, together with the sedentary habits, were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

"Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me along, strong and with satisfied appetite, until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape-Nuts with complete satisfaction and much improvement in health and brain power.

"American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion, and therefore need a food that is predigested and concentrated in nourishment." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Unprofessional.

"I see the medical association is thinking of taking steps to expel Dr. Biffkins for unprofessional advertising."

"Why, what did he say?"

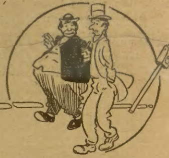
"He stated publicly that his motto as a doctor was to 'live and let live!'"

Pair of Plaintiffs.

"See here," exclaimed the angry man, "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake."

"I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," rejoined his neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my dog."

Moving.



Jiggs—How is your brother getting along?

Biggs—Splendidly; I just received word that he is still avoiding the sheriffs and is heading for the mountains.

As Classified.

Gentleman (in library)—Where can I find the book entitled, "Man, the Ruler of the World," please?

Lady Attendant—You will probably find it just across the hall in the fiction department, sir.

Proper Size.

"Yes," said the conscientious dealer, "this hammock will hold two persons, but it will be a tight squeeze."

"Oh, that will be all right," replied the blushing maid. "Just send it around to the house and charge it to papa, please."

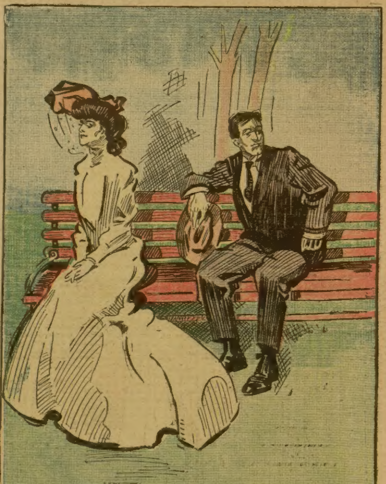
Through to the East on the Keystone Express.

Solid train of sleeping cars and vestibuled coaches Chicago to New York over Pennsylvania Lines—Pan Handle route, the lower fare route—leaves Chicago daily at 10:0 a. m., arriving New York 3 o'clock p. m. next day. For information about going via Washington to Philadelphia and New York at same fares as direct route inquire of C. L Kimball, A. G. P. Agt., No. 2 Sherman street, Chicago.

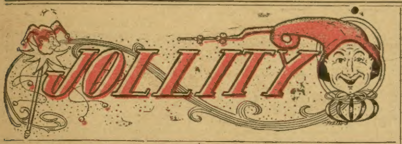
He (after the acceptance)—Have you never loved any one as much as you do me?

She (thoughtfully)—Not in the spring.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.



She—But why did you have a boy deliver our wedding invitations instead of sending them by mail?
Jack—Couldn't afford to take chances.
She—Chances of what?
Jack—Being arrested. Don't you know it is unlawful to send lottery tickets through the mails?



Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

A Profitable Appetizer.

Friend—What is your hurry?

Modern Composer—Just finished a new opera, and am hastening down to the De Fashion Theater, to have the manager produce it.

"Think he will accept it?"

"Of course."

"You seem very confident."

"I am. He owns the saloon next door to the theater, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, my new opera has fifteen drink songs in it."

A Cold-Blooded Arraingment.

"I don't see why you dislike Bliggins so much. I don't believe he'd harm his worst enemy."

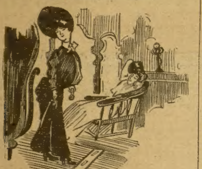
"No," answered the implacable foe; "he would be afraid of an enemy. Bliggins is one of those people who always pick their friends as victims of a small transaction, because they think they can square it by apologizing."

Her Private Opinion.

"No, ma'am," said the hobo who was figuring on a handout, "I ain't no reg'lar tramp. I wuz a sailor t'ree years ergo, but me ship got wreckt an' I wuz washed ashore."

"And it's a safe bet," retorted the unsympathetic female, "that you ain't been washed since."

Fault Easily Remedied.



"Didn't your father think Herr Engl too young to marry you?"

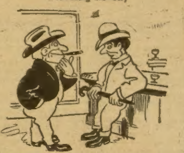
"Oh, no! He said he would age fast enough when he began to see my dressmakers' and milliners' bills!"

Information Wanted.

"I hope," said the fair maid, "that you are too much of a man to marry for mere filthy lucre."

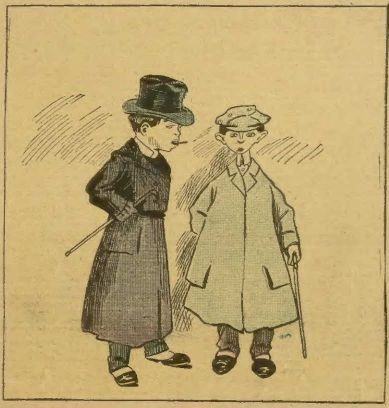
"Well, I don't know," rejoined the bachelor who had leap-year hopes. "By the way, how much of the filthy stuff do you possess?"

Nothing Much.



Snobberly—Say, it must be great to wear a crown.

Grinder—Aw, I don't know. I'm wearing three on my lower jaw now. Had 'em put in last week. Why don't you take off your hat and walk backward?



"Wondah if those girls are talking about us, old fellaw."

"Dunnaw. I awsked 'em, and they said they were talking about one thing and anothaw."

As a Last Resort.

Simkins—I understand your friend Jaggsby has been taking the gold cure.

Timkins—Yes, but it proved a failure in his case. He's going to try another remedy next week.

Simkins—What is he going to try?

Timkins—Matrimony. He's engaged to the snake charmer at the dime museum.

Wanted Something Less Hackneyed.

Mrs. Reader—Stop at a bookstore and pick out a novel for me.

Daughter—What sort?

Mrs. Reader—Try to get an old-fashioned novel, in which the hero and heroine are separated by cruel parents. I am a little tired of the young woman with a mission.

Can't Please 'Em.

Employment Agent—Some people are entirely too particular for this world.

Friend—What's happened?

Employment Agent—That finicky Mrs. Upton has discharged the cook I sent her, just because the cook couldn't cook.

Turning the Tables.

The curtain had just trickled down to slow music after the first act.

"Excuse me, please," said the leap-year maid, turning to the young man she had escorted to the show, "but I am obliged to go out to see a woman."

Superstitious.

Mayme—Yes, I must admit that I'm awfully superstitious.

Edyth—Would you decline an offer of marriage made on a Friday?

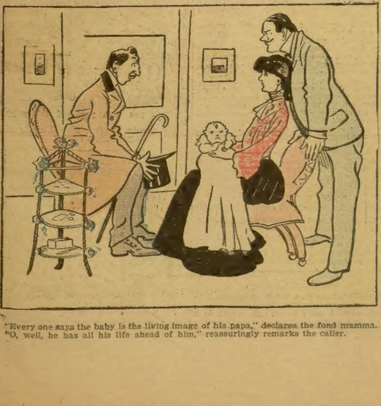
Mayme—No, indeed! I should consider it unlucky to let such a chance go by.

Another Lie Nailed.

She (a bride of six months)—Everybody says you only married me for my money.

He—Everybody is wrong, my dear. I know you look it; but, honestly, I didn't.

CHANCE TO OUTGROW IT.



"Every one says the baby is the living image of his papa," declares the fond mamma. "O, well, he has all his life ahead of him," reassuringly remarks the caller.

AGENTS WANTED

Ten Days Free Trial allowed on all our bicycles. We SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit; any wheel not satisfactory returned at our expense.

Highest grade 1904 Models $8.75 to $17

Coaster Brakes, Hedgethorne Puncture proof Tires and best equipment.

1902 & 1903 Models, best makes $7 to $12

500 Second-hand Wheels

All makes & Models good as new $3 to $8

Great Factory Clearing Sale at half Factory Cost.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town to take orders from sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make big profits. Write at once for catalogues and our Special Offer.

AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, Sewing Machines, Sundries, etc., half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 52 D Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CANVASSERS To sell automatic screen door catchers. Make big money; exclusive territory; sample postpaid 25c. AUTOMATIC CATCH CO., CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris TRANSPARENT HANDLE POCKET KNIVES. Write for Terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P.O. Box A, Morris, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$35 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE MFG. CO., Dept. 29, Parsons, Kan

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has a SOLID GOLD LAID ENGRAVED CASE, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, fully warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to SOLID GOLD WATCH; guaranteed 25 years. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE to boys and girls or anyone selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send us your address and we will send jewelry postpaid; when sold, send us $2, and we will POSITIVELY send you the WATCH or FUR SCARF. EAGLE JEWELRY CO., Dept. 48 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$2.00 OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS

Five Best Selling Articles and Catalog. Exp. Prepaid.

We are largest manufacturers of New Novelties in Aluminum, Granite and Tinware in the U. S. Address Dept. AL

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1101, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE IF YOU ARE AN AGENT if you have ever canvassed for anything, or if you want to get into a Good Paying Occupation, send me your address and a 2c stamp for postage and I will send you one of my beautiful, unbreakable MAGNETIC COMBS FREE by return mail. Do it NOW. Address PROF. LONG, 56 ASH STREET, PEKIN, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57 Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Do You Want Work?

Ladies or gentlemen. No canvassing or soliciting. No time from your regular occupation. No one need know you are my representative. No money, outfit or experience needed. Easy, permanent, honorable and profitable work that can be done at home. For information, address

J. W. KIDD, 7002 BALTES BLK., FT. WAYNE, IND

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE! Beautiful Set of Genuine A 1 WM. A. ROGERS SILVER SPOONS GUARANTEED, WORTH $10.00 has never been given away for selling $2.40 worth of goods, but if you will send your name at once, we will send postpaid and TRUST YOU with 24 packages of fancy assorted hair pins which will sell at sight at 10c a package. When sold send the $2.40 and we will positively send free of charge six GENUINE WILLIAM A. ROGERS A1 SILVER PLATED SPOONS, GUARANTEED. MAC GREGOR SILVER CO. DEPT. 9 CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA INDIANA COUNTY, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MY KID.

I tell you what, you'll seldom find a kid
  Much smarter than the one 'at calls me "Paw."
If I begun to tell you what he did,
  The trouble 'at he gives me an' his Maw,
'Twould take a month o' Sundays, I sh'd say.
  He's allus cuttin' up some sort o' shine,
An' then, by Jucks! he's got the slickest way
  O' workin' me, that little kid o' mine.

The racket 'at he makes around the place
  Beats all git out, for one as small as him.
The heap o' dirt he gits upon his face
  An' han's is suthin won'erful. The limb
Keeps both of us a hustlin' 'round, an' then
  We never sorter make him toe a line.
But I can't keep a mad up at him when
  I think, it's jest that little kid o' mine.

It's kinder lonesome when them noises cease
  At night an' he is tucked up in his bed,
We reerlize 'at quiet isn't peace
  An' ruther have him 'round a raisin' Ned.
I tiptoe up to where he lays asleep.
  All rosy—an' I ask the Pow'r Divine
'At, if it's all the same to Him, to keep
  The Devil in that little Kid o' mine.
—Kennett Harris, in Leslie's Monthly.

THE MISSING LETTER.

BY J. C. PARKER.

When Dick Ellis came into one of the postal sub-stations of the city of C—— from his afternoon delivery and went to his desk his face wore a look of perplexity; and this perplexity did not decrease as he found a slip of paper on which was inscribed: "Call at the superintendent's desk.—J."

Richard Ellis, familiarly known as "Dick" by his brother carriers, had worn the gray in Uncle Sam's service as a letter carrier for about ten years, and in all that time no complaint had been made against him by either the patrons on his route or the postal officials for dereliction of duty.

Bright, cheery, intelligent and courteous to all, naturally he became a favorite on his route; and many patrons on the territory which he served, on account of his punctuality in delivery, regarded him as a sore of timepiece by which they kept the time of day. And when the shrill blast from his whistle awoke the echoes of the aristocratic neighborhood wherein his territory lay, many a tender heart beat high with expectancy over the probable receipt of a missive from some loved one.

The cause of Dick's perplexity was this: A traveling salesman resided on his route. This gentleman was necessarily absent from home much of the time, and, through some unaccountable whim, had acquired the habit of sending to his wife through the mails monthly remittances of cash. He had sent these remittances as ordinary letter mail instead of registering them or sending them as money orders.

His wife, Mrs. W., was one of those amiable, confiding souls who are unable to keep any important secret. In one of her bursts of confidence to Dick, on one occasion, she remarked as he handed her a letter: "Don't you wish you had what's in this?"

Dick, masculine-like and also human, queried:

"What's in it—money?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. W., and proceeded to inform him that she received a certain sum every month from her husband.

These remittances had come to her uninterruptedly for a number of years when, all at once, they ceased. At first Mrs. W. thought that her husband through some oversight had neglected to send the monthly allowance.

As these remittances had come promptly every month to the day, and for two months in succession they had ceased to arrive, she wrote to Mr. W. asking the cause of this seeming neglect. In reply he stated that he had sent them as usual. It was this reply which Dick had delivered to her on his morning trip.

Womanlike, she began to speculate as to the cause of the disappearance of her mail.

She reflected that she had told no one excepting the postman of these monthly remittances.

She wondered if any one could have called at the office and secured any of her mail, and then she reflected that it might possibly have gone astray in the mails or perhaps some one might have learned of her husband sending money in this imprudent manner and had abstracted these letters from the mail while in transit.

She went to the postmaster and made her complaint, and that official promised to look into the matter.

The more she pondered over the matter the more perplexing it became. Finally she arrived at that frame of mind where she began to suspect every one who had any connection with the postal service.

When the suspicion that her postman had any connection with the matter arose in her mind she banished it at once. Her postman was too honest for anything like that.

Yet it continued to arise in her mind that perhaps he might know something about the missing letters.

So when, on the afternoon in question, Dick made his appearance at the usual hour she called to him as he went out of the gate: "Oh, postman! Wait a moment; I wish to ask you something. Of course you don't know anything about it, but then I thought I'd ask you, anyway." She then proceeded to tell him of the missing letters and the amounts which they contained and remarked in an ingenuous, yet courteous, manner that it seemed so strange that these two letters were the only ones which she had failed to receive.

Dick, with as innocent an air as he could assume, stoutly asserted his ignorance of their whereabouts.

In making this denial Dick was prudent enough not to tell her that he had seen both letters; that both of them had at one time been in his possession.

The date upon which the first letter came into his possession was on the day following his own pay-day. It had come in on the afternoon mail, too late for delivery on his second trip. He threw it in a pigeon-hole in his desk to be "routed" out in the morning delivery of the following day.

In the morning having rung the "Bundy" time-clock as he reported for duty, he proceeded to the distribution of his mail and began "setting it up" for delivery.

In doing this he failed to find the letter which he knew he had thrown on the previous evening. He was considerably nonplused over its disappearance and went to the superintendent and asked if any one on his route had called on the previous evening for mail. That official replied that, so far as he knew, no one had called.

Dick returned to his case and pondered long over the matter and finally came to the conclusion that he must have been mistaken.

So, in the course of the delivery of his mail that morning, he came to the house of Mrs. W., who met him with a smile and a look of expectancy, eagerly awaiting the receipt of an expected missive which had not, heretofore, failed to appear. When Dick handed her several letters, and having hastily scanned them all and failed to find the all-important one, she asked him in a tone plainly betraying disappointment if he had given her all her mail.

He smilingly answered that he had, and turned immediately and left the yard. Dick's heart was heavy for several days thereafter, as the missing letter failed to "turn up." He knew what it was to be suspected of tampering with the mails. The odium, the shame and disgrace which attached to such an offense rose before his vision in a manner calculated to trouble the heart of any honest man.

The lady made no more inquiries for the time being, and as a month passed away and no new developments occurred Dick once more felt at ease.

Again, just following his own pay-day, he noticed the letter which came from the husband of the lady in question and took pains to place it in an unused pigeon-hole in his case, to be certain that he had received it. In the morning, having reported for duty, he repaired immediately to his desk and sought the troublesome letter. It was gone. Dick was thunderstruck. He could not account for its absence. He went to the superintendent again and asked if any one had called for the letter. Upon being informed that no one had called he related the circumstances of its disappearance. The superintendent said that he would look into the matter.

When Dick proceeded to deliver his mail to his patrons on his morning delivery it was with a sense of foreboding. Arriving at the house of Mrs. W. he hesitated an instant before entering the yard; then, nerving himself for the ordeal, for he knew that there was no other alternative but to go in, he entered as bravely and unconcernedly as he possibly could under the circumstances.

As he blew a shrill blast upon his whistle the lady came to the door and bowed pleasantly to him, at the same time extending her hand for the mail. Hastily scanning each piece closely she looked up and asked of him, just as he was going through the gate, whether the Eastern mail had arrived. Dick answered in the affirmative and added that it had all been distributed for the morning delivery. At this her countenance fell and she plainly showed his disappointment. However, she said nothing further to him, but proceeded to again seek satisfaction from the postal authorities.

So, when Dick, as narrated in the beginning of our story, arrived at the office and found the notification of the superintendent to call at his desk, he hastened to obey.

That official and Dick proceeded to the office of the postmaster and there Dick was subjected to a process of questioning which brought out the fact that Dick had seen the letters and placed them in his desk, as already narrated, but could not account for their disappearance.

Both the postmaster and superintendent were mystified over the disappearance of the letters, as they could not conceive how they could have disappeared without human aid and they did not know whom to suspect.

They did not for a moment doubt the truthfulness of Dick's story.

Just here an unexpected turn in the case occurred.

Dick was known among his fellow-carriers as a "good liver"; dressed his family somewhat lavishly, and enjoyed the fruits of his labors.

Like many men, he seldom had a dollar after pay-day. But of late, between pay-days, he had been seen to have in his possession a bit of money. And also he had recently entered upon the purchase of a home, paying down quite a sum in advance.

These items of information, by one means or another, came to the ears of the superintendent, and, through him, to the postmaster, and, naturally enough, attracted their attention. While they disliked to suspect Ellis, or cause him to be an object of suspicion, yet they thought that an investigation would do no harm.

An inspector from the postal service was requested by the postmaster in order that an investigation might be made.

This individual came and looked over the situation, but could find nothing which would indicate that Ellis was dishonest or had tampered with the mail.

However, he was closely watched, and several decoy letters were placed in his mail, but these were all duly delivered to the proper persons, as usual.

Finally, the day arrived upon which the remittance of the traveling man to his wife was expected. That gentleman had been requested to send it as usual, and it came into the office on the 3:30 p. m. mail.

Particular notice was taken by the officials that this letter should be thrown to Ellis' route by the distributing force.

Dick, when he had returned from his afternoon trip, began throwing and sorting the incoming mail for his route, also took particular notice of his mail that he might be sure of that troublesome letter. Having found it he went directly to the superintendent's desk and showed it to that official and asked him to make a note of it.

The superintendent casually remarked that he would and said nothing more, nor gave any sign that he considered it anything unusual.

Dick went home and took his supper, after which he went downtown to his lodge, being a member of a fraternal organization. He did not notice as he left the gate that a man stood behind a tree on the opposite side of the street and watched him, and when he boarded a car bound downtown that this same person was sitting two seats behind him and seemed to be intent upon listening to the conversation carried on between himself and a brother carrier, also bound downtown.

It seemed that on this particular evening the proceedings at the lodge meeting were prolonged beyond their usual time, and it was after midnight when the meeting was finally adjourned and the members repaired to their respective homes.

Meanwhile, a scene was being enacted at the postal sub-station which would have been of considerable interest to Dick.

The stranger who shadowed Dick earlier in the evening, having seen him enter the lodge-room, returned to the postal station and, unnoticed by the night force, entered and was joined a little later by the superintendent. Both secreted themselves in positions from which they could observe everything and at the same time themselves be unseen.

An hour, perhaps, had passed when they heard a door open almost noiselessly and close. It was the rear door to the station leading out into a narrow passage between the station and an apartment house. This door was used only by the carriers to enter their workroom.

Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, they saw a gray-coated figure stealthily tiptoeing from the carrier's entrance toward the desks. Pausing a moment and looking around, to be certain that no one was watching him, he hurriedly examined two or three desks before he reached Dick's. He quickly perused the contents of several pigeon-holes, and selecting several letters therefrom, placed them in his inside coat-pocket.

He then silently crept out of the room. The two watchers hurriedly and silently followed him and as they reached the street saw him going down the street on a run. One of them hastened to the other side of the street and the two followed the fugitive as rapidly as they possibly could. Two blocks down the street he came to a stop and, looking behind him, saw nothing to arouse his suspicions, and boarded a west-bound car.

The two pursuers arrived at the corner as the car came along and also climbed on board, one in the front end and the other on the rear, so as to keep track of their quarry. As the car neared Eighteenth street and C avenue this gray-coated individual was seen to leap from the car and run up a narrow stairway which led to the second floor of a frame building.

As the car stopped at the corner the two pursuers alighted and retraced their steps cautiously toward the building. Arriving at the stairway up which their prey had gone they cautiously ascended to the first landing and proceeded along a hallway to a door from above which a light was streaming over the transom.

Knocking on the door and receiving a tremulous query from within as to who was there, one of the men, imitating a juvenile voice, replied that a messenger boy was looking for some one. The door was opened and the two men burst into the room before the door could be closed. One of them seized the occupant of the room and secured him before he could offer any resistance.

When their prisoner was examined in the glare of the lamp it was seen that he was a youth who was employed as a special messenger at the station, and whose duty was to deliver letters sent for special delivery. Upon the table at which he had been sitting when interrupted was a pile of letters, some of them opened and their contents scattered in profusion, and some not yet molested. One letter which he had just opened and from which a bill of large denomination had been extracted was found to be the one addressed to Mrs. W. by her husband. The mystery of the missing letters was at last explained.

The youth was questioned by the two officials and he disclosed the fact that his operations covered an extensive period of time. In a closet connected with his bedroom was a small trunk; in this was found a pile of opened letters and some pieces of jewelry and other articles sent through the mails.

He confessed to having taken letters and packages from various routes and also to having opened and destroyed special delivery letters and forging signatures in receipt of them.

He had acquired the habit of loitering around in the workroom of the carriers when off duty, and listening to their conversation concerning their respective routes.

He was taken into custody and remanded to prison for trial.

On the following morning Dick returned to work and going to his desk examined his mail therein and found two letters missing, one of them addressed to Mrs. W. His heart was filled with dismay as he wended his way to the superintendent's desk and reported two letters missing from his case.

That official said that it was all right, and that there would be no more disappearances of letters, for a while, at least. He explained to Dick the cause of the letters disappearing and the circumstances of the capture.

Mrs. W., the lady in question, was summoned to the postmaster's office and acquainted with the situation and was given this sage piece of advice: Always send money by registered letter; never otherwise.

Usual Way.

"My ideas," said the self-styled humorist, "have all gone up the flue."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the snake editor.

"Smoke 'em out," replied the funny party, as he proceeded to load his trusty pipe.

Feminine Charity.

Her—What do you think of young Joblot's engagement to Miss Pinkleigh?

Him—Oh, I don't know. He might do a good deal worse.

Her—Yes, and I'm sure he will—if he marries her.

The Butterfly's Eye.

To most persons the butterfly is merely a winged insect of more or less beauty, sailing gracefully and rather lazily from flower to flower, seemingly without any very definite or important object in view, and leading a sort of fashionable life in the insect world, intent upon securing and enjoying as much admiration as possible for the passing moment, and, apparently, making no provision for its future wants, and caring nothing whatever for the welfare of others.

In these respects it is strikingly like some other butterflies that have no wings, and of near kin to us, for fashionable life is very much the same everywhere, both among insects and among men; it is always folly, if not sin, that is, in the human butterfly.

But this seeming worthless butterfly has, after all, a most interesting history, and is really a very wonderful little creature.

Have you ever, in catching one and holding it by the wings, observed a sort of greasy feeling, and on examining your fingers that held it, have you not found them covered with a fine dust?

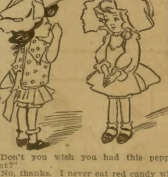
Now, this dust is a marvel indeed. If you place a very little of it under a powerful microscope you will be perfectly amazed to find each separate particle of dust a perfectly formed feather, having its quill and feathery parts projecting out from the sides of the main stems very much like the feathers of a bird, but of different shape. These feathers have their quills inserted in the wings very much like those of a fowl imbedded in its flesh, all overlapping and inclining in the same direction, and there must be millions of them on the wings of a single butterfly. So here we find a great wonder where we would least expect it in the single particle of dust on that butterfly's wing.

But there is something still more marvelous in the eye of this insect.

As we look at it carelessly, we think it has two pretty good-sized eyes for a butterfly, and, perhaps, we examine it no further.

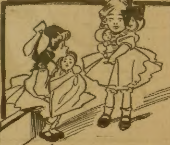
But let us place one of these eyes under the microscope, and then we find that the surface of this eye is made up of numerous little elevations, each one perfectly rounded in form, and presenting an appearance somewhat like the surface of a thimble, except that there are rounded elevations instead of depressions. We begin to count these little round bodies, and we find the number far greater than we supposed.

We count a thousand, and we begin to ask, what can all these little bright hemispheres or half-balls be? We look more carefully, and we find that each one of these bright balls is a distinct and perfect eye in itself! And now our curiosity is intensely excited to know how many in all there are of these bright and beautiful little eyes—so little that our unaided eye cannot see a hundred of them, even though they are all close together. We count on, and we find two thousand of these strange eyes; and we count on and we are amazed more and more as we run up to three, four, eight, and even until we find more than twelve thousand of these wonderful eyes in what seemed to be only a single eye. And now we take the other eye, and begin to count again as before, and here, too, we are compelled to hold our breath and lift up our hands in utter amazement as we proceed with the counting, until we find that in this other eye, also, there are more than twelve thousand distinct, perfect eyes, making in both eyes no less than twenty-five thousand separate eyes, each one as perfect as are the two of our own! Now, I want to ask you, boys and girls, who but an Almighty God could make such a number of perfect eyes within so small a space as the little, round black spot, not much larger than the head of a pin that you see on a butterfly's head? Is not here proof that there is a God? Is not here proof that He is a God of great power? What think you of these foolish people who say that everything came by chance, and that there is no God?



"Don't you wish you had this peppermint?"

"No, thanks. I never eat red candy when I am wearing a purple dress."



"My dolly has measles."

"Pooh! Mine's got appendicitis."

FOLLOWING AFTER.

Sometimes when I go tiptoeing
  Over to mamma's room,
Something comes following after me,
  Whispering things in the gloom.

It isn't nursie or bruver,
  It's something made out of air,
And it blows on my nightie and makes
  The prickles come in my hair.

Sometimes I think it's fairies,
  That live in leaves on the trees
And who learn their buzzing language
  From flies and bumble bees.

Sometimes I think it's Indians,
  Walking soft and slow,
Wearing big red blankets—
  And then—oh, how fast I go.

Sometimes I think it's my dollies,
  Whispering in the night,
Or maybe the dear, ghost dollies
  That I've laid away out of sight.

Nurse says it's 'magination,
  Whatever that may be,
But she never wakes up and listens
  To the things that come following me.

The Tale of a Mind Reader.

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER.

It was one morning at breakfast that the gift came, all of a sudden, to Mrs. Holloway. She was looking at the Deacon as he sat frowning across the table, mowing away his flannel cakes, when, just like a flash, she saw right smack into his mind and could read everything going on there as plain as day. First, the Deacon was planning, as soon as breakfast was over, to go and see what he could do to hide that old sorrel mare's spavin, so he could trade it to Curly Benson for a black nag that looked a few dollars better. Then he happened to remember Curly's big fight with Ham Lukins on account of Josie Higgs, and how Ham had tried to shine up to the Widder Smithers afterward. This brought him to musing a little on the buxom widow, and then——

The Deacon's wife suddenly rose and shook her fist at him.

"You low down, ornery, ongrateful lommix!" she cried. "How dare you think sich a thought as that, after me a-toilin' and' a-scrapin' away fer you all these years!"

"Why, Effie!" protested the Deacon, "whatever ails you?"

"Ails me?" she screamed. "Hain't it enough to set a body e'enamost wild to see you a-settin' there, plannin' that ef ever I died you'd up an' marry that fat, red-headed Widder Smithers? You needn't to say it hain't so! I seen you a-thinkin' it, an' besides, don't I see you a-colorin' clean up to th' roots o' your hair, what little ye got left? Archybald Holloway, ef it wa'n't fer th' childern I'd leave ye this very day!"

At first, as she told the Deacon so bluntly what was in his mind, he had given a guilty start, then he had turned fiery red, but now he pushed back his chair and got up, frowning angrily.

"It's my opinion, Effie," said he, "that you're gittin' jest a leetle looney these days!" And out he stalked.

"Great Livin' Powers!" exclaimed Effie, throwing up her hands as she looked at the back of the Deacon's head and saw that he thought it was a pity his wife couldn't be content with getting scrawny and bony, but had to be crabbed tempered as well.

"Though I swan ef I see how she come to hit the nail so plumb on the head," commented the Deacon half aloud as he reached the barn, "when I scarcely knowed I was a-thinkin' it myself!"

The thing weighed so much on Effie's mind that, as soon as she got the breakfast dishes done up, she went right out into the yard, picked a "slip" from her famous "Sunset on the Prairie" geranium and took it over to Widow Smithers.

"Here's that slip I been a-promisin' ye fer ages and ages without end, Mis' Smithers," said she, walking into the kitchen where the widow was peeling peaches for canning. "Never mind, set still, set still! I see ye thinkin', as I come in, that ye wisht I wouldn't stay very long, an' I won't, but I was a-tendin' to my flowers a while ago and all at onct I says to myself, says I, 'There's that Sunset on th' Perary g'ranium I promised to Mis' Smithers for nigh on to I don't know how many years, an' ef I don't take it over to her right now, while I'm a-thinkin' on it, I don't suppose I ever will,' and so here I am with it at last, an' how are ye this mornin'?"

"Do set, Mis' Holloway," said the widow cordially, shaking the hair out of her eyes and taking the proffered "slip." "It was mighty kind in ye to bring this here over. I declare to goodness I a'most thought ye was boun' an' determined never to give away no slips off'n that plant."

Mrs. Holloway winced. As a matter of fact, the "Sunset" geranium was the only one in the county, and she had even refrained from planting any of it on her first husband's grave for fear the neighbors would steal cuttings from it by night. The widow thought of this and she was a little ashamed of what she now looked upon as an unjust suspicion, and Mrs. Holloway, seeing this contrition in the widow's mind, was somewhat mollified.

"I jest couldn't have th' heart to keep you out o' it, Mis' Smithers," she replied. "You are such a lover of flowers an' allus sech a friend o' our fambly. We all set a lot o' store by you. Why, I akshully b'lieve, Mis' Smithers, that ef I was to pass beyond, it wouldn't be no time at all till my Archyball would be a-shinin' up to you."

"Sho, Mis' Holloway, how you do flatter!" said the widow.

Mrs. Holloway laughed out loud with keen enjoyment.

"Ef th' Deacon could only hear what you was a-sayin' inside, jes' then, I reckon he'd be sot down a peg or so," she chuckled. "I see it a-passin' through your mind, jes' as plain as th' nose on your face: 'What!' thinks you, 'that ole bal'-headed grompus with th' tobacker-streaked whiskers shine up to me! Ole Billy Goat!' That's jes' what you thunk, Mis' Smithers, an' serve 'im right. Well, I mus' be a-goin'. We're goin' t' hev a boilt dinner today, an' I mus' hurry home an' put it on."

The widow, somewhat puzzled, went to the door with Mrs. Holloway, pressing her to stay a little longer. On the steps the two had stood silently for a moment, when the caller suddenly turned to her.

"It hain't so!" she exclaimed. "Don't you think it, Manday Smithers! I see it a-passin' through your mind, plain as print, that sence I'm gittin' skinnier an' skinnier every day I'm jealous o' every fat woman th' Deacon knows. Jealousy hain't no part o' my bein', Mis' Smithers! Don't you think it fer a minute!"

"Mercy me!" ejaculated the widow, as Mrs. Holloway sailed down the walk, "Effie Holloway must be a leetle teched in th' upper story. Funny how keen she guessed what I was a-thinkin' though," she added, with a smile. "They do say that folks gits as sharp as tacks about sech things when they git a leetle teched in their upper stories."

By noon the Deacon had forgotten the breakfast talk, but his wife had not. He sat down to the table with his head full of Curly Benson's black nag, but she soon filled it with other ideas.

"I was over t' see Widder Smithers this mornin'," she began.

The Deacon looked up and frowned. A vision of the smiling widow crossed his mind, and he could not help mentally contrasting her plump cheerfulness with his wife's present pinched temper. The thought was fatal to family peace.

"I see what you're a-thinkin', Archybald Holloway!" she declared in a frozen tone. "You set there, before my very eyes, this identical minute, sayin' to yourself: 'I wish you was the Widder Smithers, an' a-settin' there smilin' at [illegible] you, a-raisin' Ned an' lookin' like [illegible] apples!' That's what you thunk, for I seen ye. But I kin tell ye one thing: Ef the Widder Smithers was a-settin' here right at this blessed minute, she wouldn't be a-smilin' at ye so mighty sweet as ye [illegible] idear. 'What!' says th' Widder Smithers to herself, says she, 'that ole bal'-headed grompus with th' tobacker-streaked whiskers, shine up t' me! Ole Billy Goat!' That's what yer fat, red-headed Widder Smithers thinks o' you, Archybald Holloway!"

"Did she tell ye that?" asked the Deacon, surprised.

"Jes, as good," replied his wife. "I see her think it' jes' as plain as twict two, with my own very eyes."

"Eff," warned the Deacon, "shet up! I said this mornin' that I thought ye was gittin' a leetle bit looney, but I take it back. Ye've gone clean daft!"

The rest of the dinner passed in silence. Mrs. Holloway just sat still and watched the Deacon think, and she saw enough, by the time he got up from the table, to make her hopping mad. As soon as she got the dinner work done up she put on her sunbonnet and went right out to swap consolation with some of her neighbors who had grievances. She stopped on her way to see Samantha Cooper, who was notoriously rooster pecked, and found Samantha cleaning windows.

"I declare t' goodness, S'manthy," she began, "I'm jes' plumb beat out with th' Deacon! I swan, ef we women folks oughtn't t' jin et'gether an' wipe all th' men off'n th' face o' creation, my ole man along 'th your'n an' th' rest on 'em, an' th' lan' knows, Mis' Cooper, your husban's about th' mos' cantankerous ole cross-patch in Dozeville. I see what you're a-thinkin', Samanthy Cooper! I kin see it jes' as plain ez a haystack! Right this blessed minute says you to yourself: 'Well I hain't got no blatherin' ole hypocrite for a husban', anyways!' But I'll say t' you, here an' now, Miss Cooper, my ole man's better'n your'n any day o' th' week an' twict on a Sunday! I thought you was a friend o' mine, but now I see different! Good-day!"

Before the astonished Samantha could open her mouth to reply Mrs. Holloway was half-way down to the gate.

"Law!" observed Samantha, mildly, "Mis' Holloway must 'a' gone off her head some sence I seen her last. She shorely did hit it off, though, jes' what popped into my head about th' tricky ole Deacon!"

At the gate Mrs. Holloway met Dad Cooper coming in.

"Mornin'!" said Dad.

"Mornin'!" replied Mrs. Holloway. "Say, Dad, I had somepin' surprisin' happen to me t'day that'll be mighty interestin' to you, you bein' a inventor an' so smart. I kin read folks minds, jes' as plain as print."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Dad.

"Indeed, so, an' it gives me a mighty sorrowful insight into th' notions o' some that I thought was my frien's."

"It shorely would, with most any on us," assented Dad.

"Now, you hain't a-b'lievin' it. I kin see it in your mind."

"Kin ye so?" said Dad, with a sudden respect. Then a quizzical smile flitted across his lips.

"I kin so," affirmed Mrs. Holloway, "an', moresomover, I kin tell yhat thought went a-slippin' through your mind jes' then. Says you t' yourself, says you: 'Well! Ef all these ole women git t' readin' each other's minds there'll be enough scandals floatin' t' bust asunder every fambly in Dozeville!'"

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed Dad. "I wouldn't ha' said it plain out like that, but sence ye read it so fine I'm boun' t' say, Mis' Holloway, that's jes' what I thought. It shorely is an amazin' gift you got!"

"It shorely is," she agreed. "Why, I went over t' see Mandy Smithers this mornin' an'—— Well, Dad Cooper!"

She threw up her hands in amazement and indignation.

"Now what's th' matter of ye?" demanded Dad.

"I never was so set back in all my borned days!" she cried. "I never would ha' b'lieved it ef I hadn't seen it myself right in your own mind, that you had that soft, sneaky feelin' same es my Archybald, every time ye thought o' that fat, red-headed widder! An' you, with a good, hard-workin' woman like Samantha! Be ashamed o' yourself, Dad Cooper, be ashamed o' yourself!"

"Effie Holloway," said Dad sternly, "you go right home an' lock yourself up. You're plumb, b'ilin' crazy!"

Up at the house Dad found Samantha still astounded.

"Was Mis' Holloway lettin' on like as if she c'u'd read your mind, too?" she asked.

"She's crazy as a bedbug," said Dad, "but it's astonishin' how clost she comes to what a body has on their minds."

Tabby Benson was sitting on her front porch sewing when she suddenly looked up and found Mrs. Holloway standing before her.

"Tabby Benson," declared Mrs. Holloway, quivering with anger, "all is now over betwixt an' between you an' me! Fer years you an' me has been frien's, but jes' now, when I come a-walkin' up your garden path to swap sympathy on you an' me a-havin' th' two most' worthless husban's on top o' th' Almighty's green footstool, you looks up an,' says you to yourself: 'Fer th' law's sake' must I be pestered with that ole woman's mizzable clackin' on my busiest day!' Sech, Tabby Benson, was th' workin's o' your mind this minute, an' our ways parts right here, f'rever an' a week!"

"Well, lan' an' all!" ejaculated Tabby, as Mrs. Holloway sailed out of the gate. "I must say she hit mighty close home about what I thought, but Eff Holloway shorely is fool struck!"

Down on the street the Deacon's wife met Squire Gassy, and she consulted him at once on a point of law.

"C'u'd a woman git her papers," she asked, "fer abuse that a man jes' thought at her but didn't say, ef she c'u'd understand jes' what he was a-thinkin', the same ez print?"

"Well, Mis' Holloway," answered the Squire, clearing his throat to gain time, "that's a mighty delicate p'int o' th' law that would be some costly to look up, but right offhand I should say that mebby she could. Has th' Deacon been abusin' you, mebby?"

"He shorely hez, most dreadful. In his mind."

"But how do you know what was passin' in his mind?" asked the Squire, with his finger-tips together, cross-examination style.

"I see it a-passin'!" she replied.

"Come, come, Mis' Holloway," the Squire cautioned, still examining, "you don't mean to say you can tell what's going on in a body's mind! Now what, for instance, am I thinking of?"

"Two things," retorted Mrs. Holloway, unexpectedly. "One, that you'll talk to th' Deacon th' first chanst an' see ef he won't pay ye more than me, an' fer another thing ye wisht I hadn't stopped ye till ye'd been down to Dan Leggett's an' got that dram ye was jes' a startin' after!"

With this shot she stalked on, leaving the Squire purple.

"To tell th' truth an' shame th' de'il," observed the Squire, as soon as he recovered his breath, "she guessed jes' to th' dot what I was a-figgerin' on, but as sure as eggs is eggs, Mis' Holloway's noodle is plumb cracked!"

Before night everybody in Dozeville thought the same thing, and inside a week they nearly all had proof of it. As long as she only told what was in other people's minds they believed that she had a wonderful gift, but as soon as she read their own they agreed that she was crazy, though mighty cute for a lunatic. As for the Deacon, he got hark from the tomb morning, non and night, for the things he thought, until at last he got tired of it and brought her before the court on a lunacy charge. He had no trouble at all in proving her non compos mentis, but the thing that settled her hash was when the Judge tried to probe her claim that she could really read people's minds, and asked her if she could read what was in his own.

"To be sure I kin!" she answered promptly, glad to show her sanity by a clear reading of his thoughts. "I'm ashamed to do it, though, for right this very identical second you're only half thinkin' about what ye asked me, an' th' other half o' your mind is on that fat, red-headed Widder Smithers that jes' testified, an' what you fool men ever git th' simples over a bold-eyed hussy like that fer, I can't fer th' life o' me see!"

"There's no use going any further," said the Judge, flushing as red as a turkey gobbler's wattles. "The woman is crazy—crazy as a loon!"

So they hauled poor Mrs. Holloway off to the asylum, and there she stays to this day, merely for taking the lid off of other people's thoughts, and telling too much of the truth. It don't pay.

◆

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Fond Mother—Jane, has Johnny come home from school yet?

Jane—I think so. I haven't seen him, but the cat is hiding under the stove.

Little Elmer—Are you tired, Mr. Smiles?

Mr. Smiles—No. Why do you ask?

Little Elmer—Pa said he saw you last night carrying an awful load.

Teacher—Who discovered America?

Small Boy—Dunno.

Teacher—Why, I supposed every boy in school knew that.

Small Boy—I didn't know it was lost.

Little Girl—Mamma sent me over to borrow your ice-cream freezer.

Neighbor—I'm sorry, but the outside pail was left in the sun and has fallen in.

Little Girl—Well, I'll help you pull and perhaps we can pull it out again.

[illegible], aged 3, was greatly interested in a canary that had been given to her mother. The first time she saw the bird asleep she said: "The birdie has gone to sleep with his head inside of him." Her aunt asked: "Do you have your head inside of you when you sleep?" "No," said the child, "but I have my eyes inside of me."

◆

Making Him Comfortable.

New Boarder (shivering)—This stove is too small for this room.

Landlady (kindly)—So it is. I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you.

◆

One Man's Wisdom.

Diggs—Wiggins sold his clothing store and bought a millinery establishment.

Biggs—Why did he do that?

Diggs—He got married a few weeks ago.

MR. PHIPPS' HEN.

BY MAX ADELER.

A few weeks ago my neighbor, Mr. Phipps, observed a yellow fluid of some kind issuing from the waterspout on the smokehouse. Upon examining it closely, he ascertained that it was the yolk of an egg. For several successive days it continued to drip from the spout, and Mr. Phipps was perplexed about it. He hadn't noticed that the weather had been raining omelet, or that there was any particular quality in the shingles of the smokehouse roof that would be likely to induce them to indulge in a spontaneous production of custards. He determined to watch, and on the following day he observed his shanghai hen fly to the roof of the smokehouse, settle down right over the aperture to the waterspout, and lay an egg. Mr. Phipps had not the remotest idea what to do about it, so he let the hen lay on for several days, while he thought of a plan for discouraging her from operating in that particular spot.

One day, however, when he went out, he found the hen sitting on top of the spot, manifestly with the impression that an earnest effort would enable her to hatch out the eggs she had dropped into the pipe.

This seemed to Mr. Phipps so wildly unreasonable that he resolved to prevent the hen from engaging in such a delusive undertaking. Accordingly he tried to "shoo" her off of her nest. She looked blandly down at him, winked twice in a knowing way, and refused to budge.

Mr. Phipps' friend, Rogers, who lives next door, climbed over the fence and advised him to get a ladder and pull the hen off. Mr. Phipps did so, and then Rogers said that if it was his hen he would simply plug up the hole.

Mr. Phipps drove a plug in the spout and descended. As soon as he reached the ground the hen flew up and began to try to hatch out the plug. Rogers said that he thought she might perhaps be scared off, so he threw a piece of brick at her, but it missed the hen and went straight through Phipps' dining-room window.

Then Rogers said that if he owned a hen like that he would stop her if he had to blow her up with powder. So Phipps got four ounces of gunpowder and packed it into the lower end of the spout, and Rogers touched it off with a match. It merely sizzled out, like a young volcano, and set fire to Phipps' trouser leg.

Rogers then said the powder ought to have been tamped. So he put another charge in the spout and then drove a white pine plug in, leaving a gimlet hole for the slow match. The experiment was in a degree successful. There was a fearful bang, and the next minute Phipps' eccentric chicken was sailing out toward the celestial constellations, with a plug in her claws. She went up almost out of sight, and then came down, down, down, and lighted squarely over the spout hole, expressing, by a cackle or two, her surprise, but, upon the whole, calm and sweet tempered, and as resolutely disposed as ever to give her attention strictly to business.

Rogers remarked that for a mere shanghai chicken she had real genius. He said there was only one thing to do now, and that was to turn the garden hose on her. So Phipps got out the hose, and Rogers took the pipe and played a half-inch stream directly on the hen. The hen seemed rather to enjoy it, for she cackled a little in a pleased way, and Rogers told Phipps to turn the water off while he climbed on the roof to get a better crack at her. So, while Rogers was going up the ladder, holding the pipe against his breast with one arm, Phipps, who must have misunderstood him, suddenly turned the water on again, and the stream struck Rogers in the nostrils, nearly choking him and causing him to let go his hold on the ladder and fall to the ground. When he got up he said that a man who would own such a hen as that was, in his opinion, no better than a pirate and a pagan, and so he got over the fence and went home.

Phipps went after him and apologized and then he asked Rogers to lend him a shotgun so that he could kill the chicken. Rogers agreed, and he climbed back over the fence with the gun in his hand. Phipps took the gun and fired. He missed the chicken and blew the entire cupola off of the smokehouse. Then Rogers said that there were some men who knew no more about firing a gun than a tomcat knows about idolatry. So Rogers took the weapon, aimed carefully, and pulled the trigger [illegible] one shot hit the hen, and the [illegible] struck a cow in an adjoining lot, ex[illegible] her so that she hooked a boy and th[illegible] over a five-rail fence. The hen flew up on top of Phipps' house and for a quarter of an hour cackled as if she had laid two hundred eggs a minute.

Phipps [illegible] but Rogers sarcastically [illegible] he did he would probably hit Mr. [illegible] who was churning milk in the cellar. [illegible] Phipps told Rogers to shoot, and Rogers did so, with the result that he missed the chicken and broke eight panes of glass in Phipps' garret window. Then Rogers said Phipps must have spoiled the gun by fooling with it, and he climbed the fence again and went home. Just as he reached the house, Phipps threw a stone at the hen, scaring her so that she flew down, sailed through Rogers' kitchen window, knocked two pitchers and a teacup off of the dresser, and frightened the hired girl into hysterics. Rogers rushed in, grabbed the chicken, wrung its neck, and went out to the fence. As he tossed the carcass over to Phipps he said:

"There's that indecent, infamous chicken of yours; you take it and keep it. And I give you notice that if you come fooling around here with any more such diabolical birds, hens or roosters, I'll blow your head off if I'm hung for it!"

Then he went into the house, and Rogers and Phipps don't speak when they see each other at meeting.

◆

There should be no objection to a man smoking cigarettes if he is alone and happens to have a grudge against himself.

BOYS AND GIRLS CORNER

The Young Castaways;

OR

MAROONED ON A SAND-KEY.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

(Copyright, by the author.)

Begun in No. 23, June 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAWING RATIONS FROM THE SEA.

When night began to close in around them the prisoners of the sand-key were well tired out, and hungry as Tartars, so that very naturally their thoughts turned in the direction of supper

The fire had not been allowed to die out completely, since their supply of matches was extremely limited. A small amount of blowing and judicious coaxing served to start it into a bright flame, and presently the odor of cooking spread over the strip of shore, possibly for the first time since the islet was fashioned by the throes of Nature during some equinoctial hurricane in the past.

The wonderful air-tight qualities of those screw-top canisters belonging to Teddy's camp-chest had preserved the contents from salt water, and thus they were enabled to enjoy the luxury of a pannikin of tea, together with a stew fashioned out of corned beef and some succotash, which, with some ship-biscuit, a little the worse for their salt bath, combined to make a feast for the hungry workers.

The shelter was also a comfort, since it would shield the sleepers from the heavy dews so apt to saturate everything under the bare sky in this region of the semi-tropics.

Besides, in case of rain it would come in very handy, though not of sufficient stability to resist a storm of any extreme violence.

Long the two friends talked around the blaze of their campfire, and many the schemes that were broached, looking to their ultimate release from the lone isle. Some of the ideas advanced on the spur of the moment were doubtless not only eccentric but absurd, yet on the other hand germs of good comon sense abounded in others, which in due time might prove to be the foundation for a successful move.

One thing gave Teddy considerable satisfaction.

Just before the sun had sunk out of sight beyond that monotonous line of watery horizon he had had his attention attracted toward some object bobbing up and down in the water a little way down the western shore of the island, and, upon hurrying thither, what was his delight to find that it was his sturdy little cruiser trying to make a landing. Those air-tight compartments had buoyed the damaged boat up despite the violence of the seas that pounded at her frail sides; and thinking that there must be something especially providential in this Teddy had hallooed until his companion came running in hot haste, looking somewhat alarmed, as though fearing lest trouble had cropped up.

Maro may not have felt the same peculiar affection for the mosquito craft that filled the breast of the young Canuck, since the other had spent many comfortable weeks cruising in the Loon; but he could in a measure catch some of the enthusiasm which caused Teddy to consider the eventual repairing of the craft, and a future voyage in her to some inhabited island of the Caribbean.

Accordingly, they set to work to drag the almost wholly submerged cedar boat from the water, a task by no means easy, especially after their hard work of the day.

It was accomplished at last, however, and a rope attached to one of the palmettos insured its safety until such time as they could work it still further above the line of high tide.

Finally they lay down to sleep.

It was a strange situation for two young chaps yet under eighteen, but then both were accustomed to camp life, and as for Teddy, he had not slept under a genuine roof these last two months, so that on the whole they were in a condition to make the best of matters, and feel grateful that their lives had been spared.

Several times Maro awakened, and, having a little nervous feeling connected with the condition of affairs, after the strain of his narrow escape on board the schooner, he crawled outside to take an observation connected with the weather.

The stars shone brightly in the dark blue heavens, the breeze came in softly over the swelling sea, bringing with it the odors so well beloved by those who worship at the shrine of salty water, and not a sign of trouble rewarded his vigil, so that he again sought his slumber couch, to rest in contentment until another dream of turmoil and wreck caused him to sit up suddenly and listen.

So the night wore away, and the dawn came along.

There were to be no sluggards on Stevenson Island, and accordingly both lads were astir at the first peep of day, the fire was renewed, and Maro superintended the preparation for breakfast while Teddy, eager to ascertain just what the damage to the Loon might amount to, set to work making a thorough examination of her sides.

While the boat was not so broken as to be beyond repair under ordinary conditions, where the mechanic had control of tools and material with which to work, it would have seemed a hopeless task to most boys who were in Teddy's place.

He happened to possess an astonishing amount of persistence, and was also inclined to look on the bright side of things. No matter what happened it might have been much worse; and he believed that given time he could even mend the Loon so as to make her nearly as seaworthy as when he sailed her down old Champlain and through Lake George to the Hudson.

There was no lack of things to do. Indeed, the puzzle seemed to be how to find time to attempt all of them.

Maro chanced to be a lover of system, and with the ready consent of his comrade he utilized the oportunity to jot down in order the various tasks that seemed most necessary, so that valuable time might not be wasted in wandering from one to another.

Two of the stoutest spars were lashed firmly together, and to the top of this pole a signal was secured, after which the mast was planted in the sand at such a point where the waving flag might, according to their ideas, best be noticed by any chance passing vessel.

That is supposed to be the first duty devolving upon shipwrecked mariners, according to all accounts from De Foe down to modern times.

Just how long their stay on the island might turn out to be was a question neither could answer. If it should go beyond reasonable limits they would find themselves hard put to provide suitable provisions, since their visible supply did not amount to a great deal, and they had run across no delightful wreck as yet, from which all manner of good things might be secured.

That might come in time—it usually does in all stories connected with Crusoe life; but they would do well not to count on such a bonanza.

Maro rigged several fish-lines, the material being found in that compartment of the little cruising boat where the Canadian boy had kept his odds and ends.

A suitable spot was hunted out, and set-lines thrown out, in the hope of a strike that might give them fish for dinner.

Then they started to work, Teddy cleaning his gun, which had come ashore when he did, while the other lad searched the beach for anything of value that might have been washed up during the night.

How many times during the hours marking that first day on the lonely sand-key did their wistful eyes search the horizon in the hopes of sighting some manner of sail, or the black smoke of a passing steamer bound from South or Central American ports for New York, but disappointment rewarded all these eager observations; for while the daylight lasted not a speck appeared upon the sky-line, though several times a passing bird far out at sea, or the antics of some porpoises among the rollers where they seemed to come in contact with the falling sky, gave either of the lads a sudden thrill.

They would get accustomed to these things in time, for many grievous disappointments must make their hearts sick.

Looking back over the day they could see gratulate themselves on numerous things done, or at least started, and their weariness when nightfall descended attested to the vigor with which they had labored.

Sure enough, the fishing had been productive of results, though it finally came to such a point that Teddy had to watch the lines if they were to reap any reward from their enterprise.

When they examined the lines at noon the bait was gone from one, while attached to the other was a large fish-head, showing that a prisoner had been taken that was conveniently disposed of by some hungry shark.

Teddy thought he would come more frequently, and seeing some commotion later on he drew in the line, this time saving about a third of a fish, the balance having been snapped off as clean as a whistle by rapacious teeth.

It did not look promising, but then Teddy believed he was improving, and immediately rebaited the hook.

His confidence was not misplaced, for he presently had the satisfaction of dragging a silvery prize from the sea, though only for his deftness it too would have gone the way of the others, for he plainly saw the dorsal fin of a shark follow the captive some little distance toward shore.

Enough was as good as a feast, and having prepared the fish for supper he returned to his allotted task.

Perhaps the cookery was not altogether carried out according to the most scientific principles known to modern kitchens, but it satisfied the longings of two hungry and not overly particular boys to a dot, and when they had eaten until the point of satiety was reached the supper was declared a huge success.

Things were much more comfortable on this the second night of their stay on the island, since Maro had been tinkering around at odd times during the day, improving the sleeping accommodations and putting things to rights after his ideas of ship-shape housekeeping.

Teddy, while methodical in some things, was a regular boy when it came to leaving articles around after he had used them; and in a playful spirit he nicknamed his companion the Old Maid, at which Maro only smiled, for the title had, be it said, been bestowed upon him frequently in the past, and, besides, there was only affection in the way the Canadian uttered it.

Thus far they had seen no animals upon the island, and it was almost impossible to imagine that any living creature could have come over the many miles of sea separating them from the mainland.

One discovery Maro made while prowling along the shore. He had noticed certain marks in the sand that looked as though some heavy body had been dragged up the beach, and the signs of claws gave him a pointer that solved the mystery.

Why, of course it had been a turtle. This was not the season for the laying of eggs, spring being the usual time; but then it is possible to find isolated cases of nesting at any time of year, for there is no real winter in the Caribbean.

Saying nothing to Teddy, wishing to give him a surprise if all turned out well, he crept from the shelter, leaving his companion fast asleep.

The moon still hung trembling above the horizon, and gave a certain amount of light, so that with a stout stick in his hand Maro walked in the direction of the spot where he had seen the crawl.

He knew enough about the habits of the creatures to understand that if the process of egg-laying was not completed on one night it might be resumed on the next one, and he entertained high hopes that some good fortune would bring him success

As he drew near the spot he strained his eyes to discover anything that would indicate the presence of a loggerhead upon the beach, and seeing something moving toward the water he gave a shout of anticipated triumph, at the same time running forward to the attack.

CHAPTER V.

A STORM, AND A SAIL.

Teddy was aroused by the shout, and came tumbling out, filled with wonder, for he could not comprehend what manner of trouble had come to pass to bring about such a night alarm.

Maro could be heard up the beach, calling to him to be quick or it would get away; and while this failed to illuminate the mystery, it at least brought Teddy to his senses, for he only stopped to snatch up his gun, and then set out on a bee-line for the scene of the disturbance.

He found a very busy young man when he arrived, for Maro was doing everything he knew how to keep the turtle from reaching water. In some manner, after failing to turn the creature over on its back, as he understood was the style of those who pro-

I CURE FITS

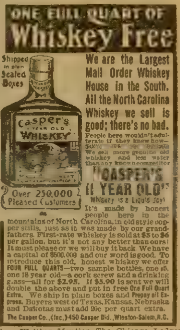
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

PROF. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 CEDAR ST., N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed wetting. Sample free. Dr F. E. May, Box 212, - Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.


ONE FULL QUART OF Whiskey Free

Shipped in plain Sealed Boxes

We are the Largest Mail Order Whiskey House in the South. All the North Carolina Whiskey we sell is good; there's no bad. People here wouldn't adulterate if they knew how—[illegible] We sell more genuine old whiskey and less water than any known competitor

"CASPER'S 11 YEAR OLD" Whiskey is a Liquid Joy!

Over 250,000 Pleased Customers

It's made by honest people here in the mountains of North Carolina, in old style copper stills, just as it was made by our grandfathers. First-rate whiskey is sold at $5 to $6 per gallon, but it's not any better than ours! It must please or we will buy it back. We have a capital of $500,000 and our word is good. To introduce this old, honest whiskey we offer FOUR FULL QUARTS—two sample bottles, one $5, one 18 year old—a cork screw and a drinking glass—all for $2.95. If $5.90 is sent we will double the above and put in free One Full Quart Extra. We ship in plain boxes and Prepay all Express. Buyers west of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakotas must add 20c per quart extra.

The Casper Co., (Inc.) 450 Casper Bld., Winston-Salem, N.C.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RUPTURE

Cured by the Collings System. Send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Room 111, 20½ Paine Square, Watertown, N. Y. and he will send you FREE BY MAIL a trial of his wonderful treatment that cured him and has cured thousands of others. Do not delay but write to-day. Capt. Collings has had a remarkable experience with rupture and will gladly receive the details and send a free trial. Write him.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

VEHICLE CATALOG FREE

WRITE FOR IT TO DAY

We Allow 2 Years' Trial on vehicles. We will send you any vehicle in our catalog on Two Years' Trial during which time you can use it as much and as often as you like, and if any part or piece breaks or wears out during that period, on account of defective material or poor workmanship, you can return it and we will replace it free of charge.

TOP BUGGIES $23.90 UP

ROAD WAGONS $15.90 UP

Our big Free Vehicle Catalog tells all about this wonderful offer, describes and illustrates the largest and best lines of vehicles in the world (every kind made), explains fully about the woodwork, trimming, ironing, painting and finish, gives innumerable testimonials from people using our vehicles, proving decisively that ours are the best made, most stylish, strongest, finest finished, easiest running and lowest priced vehicles manufactured. We sell

Road Carts $ 9.25 up Surreys $35.00 up
Road Wagons 15.90 up Phaetons 41.35 up
Top Buggies 23.90 up Stanhopes 59.95 up

and every other kind of vehicle manufactured at correspondingly low prices. WE HAVE FACTORIES IN ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, OHIO AND MISSOURI, and ship from factory nearest customer's home, when possible, thus making freight charges very low. With each vehicle we issue a binding two years' guarantee, which protects you absolutely against inferior work or poor material. No matter what others say, no matter how positive they are that their prices are lowest, still we undersell them. Send for our vehicle catalog before buying. It costs you nothing. We lead in price, quality, style, guarantee and terms, and will surely save you money. WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR HARNESS, SADDLES AND HORSE GOODS OF ALL KINDS. Write for free harness catalog.

John M. Smyth Co. 207 West Madison Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE To introduce Woman's World in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. Woman's World has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a five months' trial subscription, and we will send Woman's World for five months, and you will get FREE by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the centerpiece, photo frame, three large doilies and napkin ring—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end, etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES. Send 25 cents and we will send Woman's World one year and all the premiums mentioned above, also 15 yards of fine laces. Address,

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 16, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

fessionally hunted turtles for the market, he had managed to secure a hold on one of its hind flippers, and bracing himself in the yielding sand as best the opportunity allowed, he tugged right manfully to hold his own.

The turtle had several advantages in the contest. First of all, it was a case of four legs against two, and then again those sharp toe-nails of the creature gave a great advantage, since Maro continued to slip on the sand.

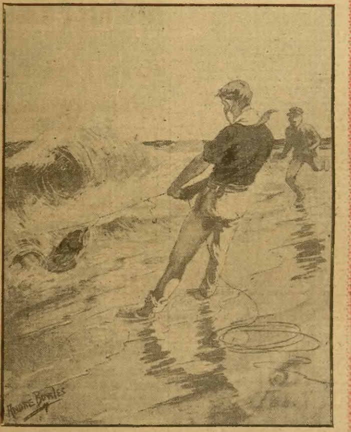
Despite his strenuous resistance the lad was slowly but surely being dragged nearer the edge of the sea, and left alone he soon must have admitted himself beaten or else gone adrift with his persistent adversary, which would hardly have been a paying investment.

Teddy joined in the game with much enthusiasm, for he had heard much with regard to the delightful qualities of turtle soup, and was anxious to try the same.

While Maro tugged with renewed zeal he took a hand by poking the lever under the turtle and with a scientific thrust endeavoring to turn the struggling creature on its back.

Several failures did not daunt the young marooner, and finally he gave a shout of delight as the wildly waving flippers clawed the air and the feat was accomplished.

When they had rested a bit the boys set to work dragging their captive further up the beach, and anchoring the same by a rope that was fastened around one leg; for they could not quite convince themselves that in some mysterious way the creature might not yet manage to right itself again while they slept. Well, the palmetto was not so easy to drag as Maro had been, and there seemed to be a fair chance that they might find the turtle safe when morning arrived.



He had the satisfaction of dragging a prize from the sea.

Nor was this all.

They set about discovering where the treasure-trove lay, and as the trail stood out plainly it was not a difficult task to follow the same to the nest.

Burrowing into the soft sand which had been battened down by the female turtle after her eggs were deposited, Maro began to toss out such an accumulation of soft-shelled things that his companion ran to the "barracks" for some sort of a receptacle in which to hold them.

This was a decided windfall, and promised them many a treat in the line of food, since omelets could be made without number.

All fears of starvation might be set at rest, for no matter how long they were doomed to remain on the island it seemed possible to always draw upon the wonderful resources of the sea in order to secure an abundance of supplies.

Why, they began to actually enjoy the situation, if only some assurance might be had that in good season they would be rescued before a hurricane swept across the Caribbean that would threaten to engulf their little oasis in the desert of waters.

Really, it hardly seemed possible that any one could remain upon an island in this region for any great length of time undiscovered and left to his own devices; and yet their refuge was but such a minute affair that it might not be visited once in ten years.

The next day was another busy one.

Maro attended to Madame Turtle, and with infinite trouble managed to get her shell off, though the task of cutting up the jerking flesh was one he never hankered after again. No one who has never carved a turtle can imagine the sensation brought about by the muscular contractions of the flesh even hours after death has apparently come to the creature.

But it was worth all the trouble, and both boys united in declaring the stew a feast fit for a king.

There were some clouds in the sky when the sun went down again, and Maro eyed them reflectively, after the maner of one who had been in constant touch with sailors all his life.

It was about time for another turn in the weather, and they must prepare themselves as best they could for whatever came.

It arrived all right, and with a boom that rather startled the boys.

Possibly it was an hour or so after midnight that there was a sudden roar of thunder in the air, and the rude shelter shook with the rush of wind.

The sounds that greeted them might have brought dismay to even bolder hearts than theirs, for the shrieking winds passing through the palmetto tops made a fearful noise, which was added to by the dash of increasing waves upon the shore, and the boom of thunder.

Flashes of lightning followed in almost constant succession, so they could not at least complain of being unable to see.

How satisfactory it was to remember that they had fastened the little shelter to the trees with addiional ropes, so that it seemed as though it could only be carried away by a blast of such violence as might tear a palmetto tree from its foundations.

That proved how it paid to take precautions, for had they left anything outside it would have been swept into the sea for a certainty by the rush of wind.

Plainly there could be no more sleep that night.

Nor was it of any use going outside to be soaked with the deluge of rain that might arise.

Several times both sprang to their feet in alarm when some fierce gust made the shelter quiver and act as though about to leave them to the fury of the gale, with no protection overhead.

However, such a calamity did not occur, and finally, as the hour of dawn drew nearer, the storm abated.

It was only another experience to be added to their list; and before the end came they would very likely pass through more or less of a variety beside which this might not appear so very remarkable.

Early Maro went forth to see what the effect of the storm had been.

He found that the shore line was altered, as doubtless might be expected after each and every storm of consequence, depending on the whim of the elements; but there did not appear to be much material damage done.

A few things had been lost, among others the shell of the turtle, which Maro had intended to scrape later on and in some way utilize as a receptacle. Teddy suggested that it would make an admirable bath-tub, but with the whole ocean in which to dip the idea had not struck the New England boy with any force.

And now the question had been solved for them in another manner.

Of course he scanned the horizon for a sail, and used the old marine glass which had followed his fortunes since deserted on the wreck by that rascally mariner Captain Clawson.

This time he found what he sought, and called his companion.

There was a white speck on the horizon which could not be anything but a vessel booming along before the fresh breeze that followed the storm; but that did not mean they were to be rescued. It was only one chance in twenty the course of the schooner would bring her close enough to the sand-key so that her lookout might discover the signal of distress flying from the pole, and which had stood the gale splendidly.

Your money back

if you are not satisfied

DO YOU SUPPOSE that a company with a capital of $500,000.00, paid in full, and the proud reputation of 36 years of continuous success, would make such an offer and not carry it out to the letter?

DO YOU SUPPOSE we would jeopardize our standing with the public and our chances of still greater success by failing to fulfil any promise we make?

DO YOU SUPPOSE we would make such an offer if we did not have the utmost confidence in the satisfying quality of our goods?

WE KNOW we can please you and save you money, for HAYNER WHISKEY goes direct from our distillery to you, with all its original richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE of PURITY and AGE and saving you the big profits of the dealers. That's why it's best for medicinal purposes. That's why it's preferred for other uses. That's why we are regularly supplying over a quarter of a million satisfied customers. That's why YOU should try it.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

HAYNER WHISKEY

PURE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

We will send you FOUR FULL QUARTS of HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for $3.20, and we will pay the express charges. When you receive the whiskey, try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever drank or can buy from any body else at any price, then send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. How could an offer be fairer? We take all the risk and stand all the expense, if the goods do not please you. Won't you let us send you a trial order? We ship in a plain sealed case; no marks to show what's inside.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 Quarts** for **$4.00** by **Express Prepaid** or **20 Quarts** for **$16.00** by **Freight Prepaid.**

Write our nearest office and do it NOW.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

ST. LOUIS, MO. DAYTON, OHIO ST. PAUL, MINN.

25 DISTILLERY, TROY, O. ESTABLISHED 1866.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Wonderful Music Offer

Hiawatha, The Holy City, and 50 other new songs and two pieces of music **FREE to each person** who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue.

WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have followed their profession for many years. It contains a lot of interesting reading matter and numerous departments such as are found only in an up-to-date and high-class paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it five months on trial **for only 10 cents** and we will send you free and postpaid 52 new songs and two pieces of music as above stated. Send 25 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD **one year** and the songs and music mentioned above, also our Mammoth collection of **100 songs**, words and music. This is positively the biggest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing concerns in Chicago, in business over 20 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and a lot of choice music send for either of the above offers. You will be delighted. Address **WOMAN'S WORLD**, Dept. **M6** **CHICAGO, ILL.**

$5.25

IT'S A CORKER

"THE LOCOMOTIVE SPECIAL" STAMPED 17 JEWELED ADJUSTED

Just what you have been looking for. A watch that will keep perfect time and make a big show for the money. It is equal in appearance to the genuine 17 jeweled adjusted watches that are sold every day at prices ranging from $25.00 to $50.00. It has double damaskeened plates in gilt and nickel with raised gold jeweled settings. Locomotive handsomely engraved on the plates and artistically painted on the dial, stamped on plates 17 jeweled adjusted. It is a genuine American made watch and nothing like it has ever been offered before at this price. It is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper and positively the showiest watch on the market to-day. The case is genuine Solid Silverine, very heavy and solid through and through. It is better than solid coin silver for it will never tarnish. It is screw back and screw bezel and therefore dust proof and damp proof. Just the watch for railroad men, mechanics, farmers and those who require a substantial solid heavy watch and a reliable timekeeper. It is stem wind and stem set and absolutely **Guaranteed for 20 Years**, both case and movement.

SEEING IS BELIEVING Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination. You examine it at your express office and if as represented pay express agent our bargain sale price $5.25 and express charges and it is yours. Order to-day as this advertisement will positively not appear again. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive **FREE a KING CAMERA** with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the **CAMERA FREE** and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. **THE CAMERA IS FREE.** This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

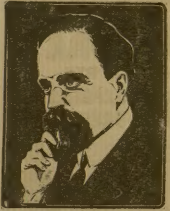
CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

I Cure Contagious Blood Poison

I Have Discovered the Marvelous Secret of Nature for Curing Every Form of Blood Poison.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and Enough of This Marvelous Compound Will Be Sent You by Return Mail, Prepaid, Absolutely Free, to Convince You.

I have found the marvelous secret of Nature in restoring perfect health to men and women suffering from virulent or contagious blood poison.



"No Man Is Lost—There Is a Quick, Sure and Lasting Cure for Contagious Blood Poison."—Dr. Ferris.

With this marvelous, mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science and the archives of the ancients, it is possible to heal at once the awful sores, clear the complexion of the copper spots, dry up the mucous patches, heal the ulcers and leave the body clean and healthy and wholesome. With the aid of this mysterious Vital Life Fluid no man or woman will ever again be troubled with blood poison or any of its evil effects.

Remember, it matters not to me or my remedy what stage your case may be in, and it matters not how long you have had it, how you got it or when you got it. To me it matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or medicinal method of treatment, but I call it the Vital Life Fluid itself, and where many remedies and doctors have failed I have repeatedly and quickly cured the worst old cases, healed the sores and caused the mucous patches, copper colored spots, and other evidences of this terrible poison to disappear like magic. My secret Vital Life Fluid never fails, and its cures are lasting. My private address is Dr. C. S. Ferris, 8167 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every person suffering from blood poison to send to me and I will forward by first mail, prepaid, enough of my marvelous discovery to convince you.

BOOKS! PHOTOS! TIP TOP! Send stamp for circular. C. CONROY, 122 Park Row, N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc.; guaranteed; circulars 2-cents. [illegible]

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BARBERS MAKE EASY MONEY! We teach you the business thoroughly in six weeks. You can make expenses while learning. Barbers make $15.00 to $25.00 weekly. Our FREE Catalog tells all about it. Write to-day. KANSAS CITY BARBER COLLEGE, F.C.Bridgford, Prop., 509 Delaware, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

MEN AND WOMEN

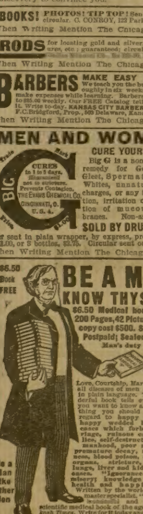
Trade Mark BIG G Price $1.00
CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

CURE YOURSELF! Big G is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$6.50 Book FREE



BE A MAN KNOW THYSELF

$6.50 Medical book FREE, 200 Pages, 42 Pictures, first copy cost $500. Sent Free, Postpaid; Sealed.

Love, Courtship, Marriage and all diseases of men explained in plain language. This wonderful book tells everything you want to know and everything you should know in regard to happy and unhappy wedded life, diseases which forbid marriage, ruinous early follies, self-destruction, lost manhood, poor memory, premature decay, nervousness, blood poison, dwarfed organs, stricture, weak lungs, liver and kidney diseases. "Ignorance begets misery; knowledge brings health and happiness." Written by the world-famous master specialist. "The most wonderful and greatest scientific medical book of the age."—*Oshkosh Times.* Write for it today and address

Be a Man Like Other Men

WISCONSIN MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 750 Alhambra Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Breakfast was prepared under difficulties, for every few minutes both boys wished to take a squint through the glass in hopes that the white spot might be growing apace; but alas and alack! they finally found themselves forced to admit that it became beautifully less, showing that the boat must be leaving them, she having passed the island some two hours before daybreak.

Although disappointed, the boys saw much in the incident to encourage them. It looked as though they were not entirely out of the beaten track of vessels trading between the two Americas, and that they might with reason hope to see another vessel at any time.

Much awaited their attention on this day. An hour or so was spent in repairing the ravages of the storm as connected with their habitation, and then while Teddy devoted his attention to the job of starting repairs on the little boat, Maro took up other tasks of various kinds.

He caught another fish, and was in turn almost dragged into the sea by a vigorous shark, as he supposed, or some immense creature that became involved in a dispute with the stout hook at the end of the line, and which our pertinacious young friend endeavored to pull ashore.

Fortunately he had been wise enough to drive a stake in the sand near the water's edge, which he denominated his "snubbing-post," and by taking a few quick turns around this with the bight of the cord ere the captive could drag him into the water, he managed to stay the vigorous first rush of the fish; and when Teddy came to his assistance they were enabled to drag the unwilling prisoner ashore.

This was no shark after all, but a gigantic fish shaped after the pattern of a monster sea-bass. Neither of them knew to a certainty, but Maro said he had read about a certain jew-fish that was caught along the Florida coast weighing up to four hundred pounds, and this seemed to answer the description to a dot.

Anyhow, they chopped a big cube out of the side and boiled it in a tin kettle, both pronouncing it splendid eating, and only a little inferior to fresh halibut, which it closely resembled, though somewhat coarser in fiber.

Really, it was fun to be thrown upon their own resources in this way, as any intelligent American boy must admit, especially if he possess the element of being able to take care of himself, such as seemed to be a part of our friends' natures.

So several more days glided by. Indeed, it was a mystery where the time did go, the boys found so many duties which had to be attended to.

They had now been on the island a week, and were beginning to feel like old settlers.

They had given a name to every little cove and point, and in order to remember how things looked when, at a possible future day they sat about some fire in a Northland home, and spoke of their strange experiences in the romantic Caribbean, Maro even went to the trouble of drawing an elaborate map of their possessions, upon which he inscribed all the queer names bestowed upon the various sections, and which were for the most part supplied by Teddy from memories he held of various characters in Dickens, his favorite writer.

Thus they had their home camp in David Copperfield grove, the habitation itself was known as Bleak House, a point near by that had a zigzag appearance flourished under the significant name of Oliver Twist Cape, and so it went on, sometimes with more or less humorous effect as the idea struck the Canadian lad.

In next week's issue of this paper another installment of this splendid story will appear. Every subscriber to the Ledger is entitled to a free camera or patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Well Bred Children.

Little children should be taught not to sit sideways or on the edges of the chairs, or to lean back in them or to put their elbows on the table.

They should not be permitted to play with bread or stray silver, and should be taught to wipe their little mouths both before and after drinking, and not to drink until after they have swallowed what they may be eating.

Do not allow the little ones to turn up their glasses or mugs to their noses while drinking.

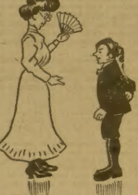
Show them how to break a potato with a fork; how to carry a fork to the mouth. Teach them to take soup quietly from the side of the spoon.

Watch them and see that they do not put their spoons and forks too far into their mouths and that they do not crowd the mouth with food.

Little children are great mimics, and after they have been once properly trained in table manners commit fewer breaches of etiquette than their elders.

◆

Expert.



Isabel—You seem to dance very well.

Edmund—Yes, pa licks us boys with a strap.

FAIRY CHIMES.

The woods are gay with fairy bells,
With fairy bells today;
And rich and sweet the music swells
Then softly dies away;
Or steals through all the shady dells
Where happy fairies play.

A golden peal of cowslip bells,
Of cowslip bells I hear;
A silver peal of lily bells
Steals softly on mine ear;
I dare not move, or breathe, or sigh,
'Twill fade away, I fear.

Alas! the golden daylight fails,
The bells no longer play;
In shady glens, through flowery vales,
The fairies steal away;
The gold and silver chimes are still,
I can no longer stay.

◆

MOTHERLESS GIRLS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

There is something peculiarly sad and touching in the above title. Motherless boys or girls—men or women. It matters not.

When mother is gone there is a void in the household that nothing can fill. The sight of her vacant chair or her family work-basket will cause the tears to burst forth afresh. Oh, how sacred is everything belonging to her!

Little children do not mourn the loss of a mother as much as older ones, and yet how much more they miss her loving ministrations! They grow up into womanhood or manhood unconsciously devoid of one beautiful and tender emotion—love for a mother.

A good stepmother—and, thanks to the kind-hearted women in the land, there are many such—may, in a great measure, call forth this feeling; a bad one (God forgive her great sin!) will crush it in the bud, and every other good and holy feeling with it, until the poor little child is almost, if not quite, physically and morally ruined.

Now, dear motherless girls, in addressing you I would say that you have my heartfelt sympathy for your irreparable loss.

Yet it is not best for us to sit down and give up to sorrow for any length of time, even so great a sorrow as the loss of our best and dearest earthly friend.

You are young, and life is before you. Resolve to live just as you know that dear mother would have advised you to, had she lived to map out your future.

Perhaps she has recently been called away since you reached womanhood. If so, then you know her thoughts and wishes concerning you.

"Ah, I think I do," I hear you say, perhaps, with a fresh burst of tears, "and I think, too, how many times I have gone against her wise counsel and advice, and had my own way, thus grieving her loving heart. Now she is gone, and I can never tell her how sorry I am."

"Confession is good for the soul," dear maiden, and you have only now to go on and follow out her wishes as far as you know, making yourself worthy to meet her in Heaven.

You may have a dear father who loves you, and although no father can fill a mother's place, his parental love may be as strong, and your duties toward him just as binding.

There is an old saying that "Mothers love their sons the best, and fathers their daughters."

Whether this be true or not, there is one thing certain, that a good father does take peculiar pride in his girls.

Your duty now is to him who assumes toward you a double relationship. Comfort his heart, and perform for him willingly the many little offices of love that your mother once performed.

It may be that after a while he will take another wife, if he has not already done so.

This will be your next great trial.

"That my father could do such an unwarrantable thing," you say, in your indignation, "as to put another woman in my blessed mother's place. I shall hate her, and I will let her know it, too!"

This is all wrong, my dear girl, and may you soon see your error. If you persist in this course, you will strew your own path with thorns, as well as render miserable your father and the woman of his choice, who, if rightly dealt with, might prove a dear and valued friend, even if she did not quite fill the place of a mother.

Let me tell you how to lay this tormenting spirit of opposition whenever it takes possession of you. Put yourself in your stepmother's place, in imagination. Suppose when, with fear and trembling, you had just entered your new home, expecting a welcome, you met with, in its place, black looks and freezing words.

"But I will never marry a widower with children," say you.

I hope not, my dear, for the sake of the children, if you have an unreasonable and unforgiving disposition.

Do your duty, dear motherless girls, toward all in your home. Be happy, and merry, and loving—above all things, loving. Love begets love, and before you feel the one great love of your life, practice in little things.

Help your stepmother, if you have one, in the care of the smaller children, and make yourself useful when you are not doing your duty in other directions.

When you marry, as in all probability you will, endeavor to bring up your children in such a way that should you be suddenly taken away from them, they will remember their dear, good mother, and profit by her example and precept.

Your home, it is true, will lack one source of pleasure and comfort that many enjoy—mother's visits.

How pleasant it is to hear the dear familiar voice, to clasp the loving hands that have so often ministered to us, and to kiss the lips that never rebuked us but for our good!

You will miss this, dear motherless one, yet you have much to live for. Be a good daughter to your only parent, if he is living—a good wife if you marry, a good mother should you have offspring—and a faithful child of God.

I Cure Women

OF FEMALE DISEASES AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Will Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send Free a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has never failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, knowing that it will always effect a cure, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, although it is true as gospel. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. The free trial packages alone often are enough to cure.

Just sit down and write me for it today.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box No. 25 Kokomo, Ind.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE For LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, 609 PENN STREET, READING, PA

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc. Guaranteed. Circular 2 cts. Address BRYANT BROS., Box 121-37, DALLAS, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Blood Poison

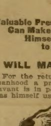
Either Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis, Producing Copper Colored Spots, Pimples, Sore Throat, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, etc., quickly, positively and forever cured without the use of Mercury or Iodide of Potash by the wonderful

HERBALIS COMPOUND,

a few weeks' use of which makes a clean, healthy being, after complete failure with the Hot Springs and other treatment. **Full Information and a bottle for trial sent free of charge to all sufferers. Address**

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, New London, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



FOR MEN ONLY

Every man who is WEAK Can Add Many Years of happiness to his life

By Using Cactus Cure

It cures all VITAL WEAKNESS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, ATROPHY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, etc., by stimulating the blood supply. It FEEDS, and QUICKLY builds up new tissue.

That's Cactus Cure.

Gives great vigor to all men. AN OUTWARDLY APPLIED SALVE which rejuvenates and permanently sustains. ONE APPLICATION PROVES ITS MERIT. Send 4c. postage for sample, or 50c. for $1 box.

CACTUS PRODUCT CO.,
17 SIBLEY BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAKES MEN VIGOROUS

Valuable Prescription by Which Any Man Can Make His Own Remedy to Cure Himself at Home Sent Free to All. Write for it.

WILL MAKE A MAN OF YOU.

For the return of that youthful feeling of manhood a prominent Detroit physician and savant is in possession of a receipt which he has himself used in his own extensive private practice with the most startling success.

America's Greatest Specialist.

Though the years have passed its equal has never been found and with it thousands of weak men have brought about the cures they so much longed for. The doctor willingly sends the formula free to any man who writes him for it, and they will find it a gift of lasting value. It is good for sexual weakness, lost manhood, nervousness, weak back, emissions, varicocele, lack of force, prostatic trouble, night sweats, inability and the many other embarrassing conditions that befall the sexually imperfect man. It creates an immediate social feeling, warmth and good nature, forces active blood to the muscular tissue, tones the nervous system and arouses bodily confidence. It makes the man of 65 as good as at 35, and the young man again eager for society and fit for marriage and parenthood. Satisfactory results are produced in a day's use, and a perfect cure in a few weeks, regardless of age, or the cause of your condition.

If you need such a remedy send your name and address today to the Dr. Knapp Med. Co., 2269 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and in an unmarked envelope the doctor will at once send you the receipt, as promised, explaining in detail what ingredients to use and how to compound them so that any weak man can cure himself in his own home without being under obligations to anyone. It costs you nothing and the sooner you write the sooner you will be cured.

Lincoln and His Books.

It is frequently said that the young people of today read too many books. It is not difficult to believe this, when one remembers what strong types of intellectual greatness have been developed through the thorough study of a very few of the masterpieces of literature.

Lincoln in his boyhood had access to four books, the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Burns' Poems" and "Weems' Life of Washington." He so memorized many of the chapters of the Bible that subsequently he seldom made at the bar or on the "stump" a speech in which he did not quote from it. He early learned in his professional life that to a public speaker the Bible is the most useful of books.

Burns developed his fancy and imagination, Bunyan taught him how to use figurative language, and Weems inspired him with the noble spirit of Washington. Foreign readers of his Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address asked: "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?"

He got it from the English Bible and from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—two books which represent the rhythm, the idiom, the majesty and the power of the English language.

* * *

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. I have nothing to sell. This is a case of woman helping woman. I send it Free. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

* * *

Between Friends.

"I spent last evening in the company of the one I love best in all the world," said young Sapleigh.

"So?" queried his friend Biffkins. "And didn't you tire of your own company?"

* * *

Limit.

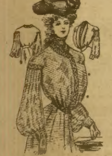
She—If you attempt to kiss me again I shall call mamma.

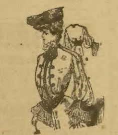
He—Don't please. I draw the line at kissing elderly matrons.

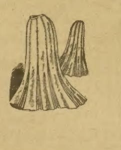
Beautiful Patterns Free—An Unparalleled Offer.

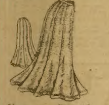
The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

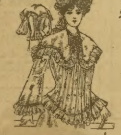
REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

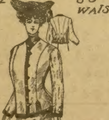

4725 MISSES' BLOUSE ETON, 12 16 YRS.

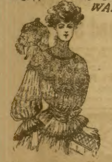

4695 ETON JACKET 32-40 BUST

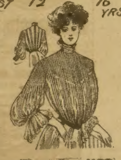

4697 FAN PLAITED SKIRT 22 30 WAIST

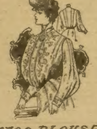

4703 NINE GORED TUCKED SKIRT 22-32 WAIST

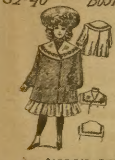

4721 MISSES' HOUSE JACKET 12 16 YRS.

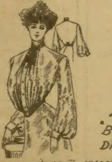

4702 COLLARESS JACKET 32-40 BUST

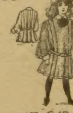

4731 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST

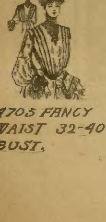

4723 TUCKED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST

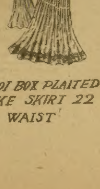

4700 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 - 40 BUST

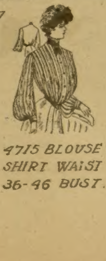

4734 GIRLS COAT 4-10 YRS.


4730 SHIRT WAIST 36-46 BUST


4707 GIRL'S "BUSTER BROWN" DRESS 14 - 12 YRS.


4705 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST.


4701 BOX PLAITED YOKE SKIRT 22 30 WAIST


4715 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 36-46 BUST.

CASH OR CREDIT

Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.00

Cash, balance $5.00 a month, buys this 3-year guaranteed Buggy—$37.50 on time payments or $33.50 cash. We trust honest people located in all parts of the World.

Write for free catalogue of Buggies, Surreys, Phaetons, Spring and Farm Wagons.

CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 81, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment

Opium and all drug habits. Painless, permanent Home Cure. Nervous and physical systems fully restored to their normal condition. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. St. Paul Association, Suite 826, 46 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures.

Cook Remedy Co.
1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill. 100-page Book Free.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

500 SHAVES for 25¢.

Without a razor, soap or water by using our famous depilatory stone which removes with ease the strongest beard by simply rubbing it over the face. The wonder of the age. Convenient, Safe, Practical. No preparation needed. Always ready for use. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Will last for years. Soap spoils the skin, sharp razors make ingrowing hairs, keeping the face blotched and sore. The Depilatory Stone prevents these evils. Try one and be convinced. Thousands of them sold every year. Sent postpaid, with full directions for 25 cents. Agents wanted. L. H. George & Co., Room L, 90 Dearborn St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The STAR MONTHLY
3 YEARS FOR $1.00

Boys' Names Wanted

THE STAR MONTHLY wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our beautiful illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which has a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly. It is 10 years old. It is the boy's companion; it plays baseball and football with him. It coasts, skates, swims, camps, hunts and fishes with him. It goes to school or to work with him. It chats with him about his future, his ambition to get on in the world. It teaches him how to build his head, heart and body. It has departments on athletics, carpentry, games, puzzles, amateur journalism, mechanism, photography, coin, stamp and curio collecting; prize awards in each department. It never has less than 32 large pages, profusely illustrated, and printed on fine polished book paper. It contains fine stories and handsome illustrations and each month awards a large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. Send us plainly written names and addresses of 12 boys you know and enclose 12 two-cent stamps or a silver quarter and we will enter you as a paid subscriber for one year in advance.

THE STAR MONTHLY, Dept. 46, OAK PARK, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SUPREME ELECTRIC BELT FREE

IT IS YOURS
for the asking without one cent of cost.
This is no deposit scheme; no 30 days trial scheme.

You simply send us your name and address and we send you the Belt. It is yours to keep forever and we under no circumstances ask for or accept any money for it either now or in the future. This is a plain, simple, positive statement of facts. We guarantee it THE BEST ELECTRIC BELT MADE. Five minutes' trial will prove to you its power, a week's wearing of it will restore to you all lost vigor, giving to you the strength and manhood which is your birthright. Many forms of

NERVOUS, SEXUAL, URINARY, KIDNEY OR LIVER DISEASES

such as Impotency, Varicocele, Spermatorrhea, etc., yield at once to its magic influence. We give it away free to all who can be cured by the one great curative agent, Electricity. After you are cured your friends will each want one and from these sales we will make our profit. Be a strong, vigorous man among men. This generous offer may be withdrawn at any time, so you should write today for the "Free Supreme Electric Belt."

IT WILL CURE YOU!

Address: PHYSICIANS' INSTITUTE,
211 Salty Building, Chicago, Illinois.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name..

Street.............................. Town..............................

Date.............................. State..............................

FASHION BOOK FREE

The GREATEST STYLES AUTHORITY IN THE WORLD. Write To-Day for our great art catalog of ladies', misses' and children's fine made outer garments for spring and summer 1904. It illustrates in finest halftone hundreds of rare, beautiful costumes, exact reproductions of the originals which were **Made in Paris,** London and New York especially for us from designs of famous modistes. From this book, in your home, at your leisure, you can select any article of wearing apparel you need with best judgment and greatest economy. We guarantee faultless style, perfect fit, largest variety and lowest price.

We make
Ladies' suits $4.95 up
Ladies' skirts 1.25 up
Silk jackets.. 3.95 up
Ladies' capes. 1.95 up

Underskirts 35c up, shirt waists 45c up, wrappers 75c up, children's dresses 25c up and a peerless line of dressing sacques, kimonos, MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, infants' garments, slips and dresses, Misses' garments, etc., at equally low prices.

We sell **Ladies' Shoes at 85c up** and girl's shoes, children's shoes, slippers and footwear of all kinds at correspondingly low prices. Write today for free shoe catalog.

We are headquarters for **Dry Goods, Notions, Corsets** and everything used by ladies and sold by first class dry goods stores. Prominent are dress goods, silks, velvets, ginghams and wash fabrics, white waistings, housekeeping linens, domestics, hosiery, laces, embroideries, gloves and spring and summer novelties in belts and wrist bags. Everything at wholesale prices. Write to-day for free dry goods and notion catalog.

John M. Smyth Co. 207 West Madison Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Dentaline. Stops pain and decay. Instructions free. Union Dental Co., Chicago.

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

TAPE-WORM [illegible]

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GOV'T AUCTION SALE CATALOG GUNS Pistols, Military Goods (Illustrated), 15c., mailed 6c. stamps. F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. B. 2, Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE. Few weeks completes by our method. Graduates earn $60 monthly. Positions guaranteed. Write nearest branch. Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Cincinnati, Ohio, Omaha, Neb., or New Orleans, La

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A GOLD STICK PIN FREE and a Beautiful Seal Ring; both warranted for 3 yrs. Send 10c for ring, with size and initial, and receive Pin Free. Dept. D, Novelty Jewelry Co., Portland, Maine

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WHISKEY How to make genuine OLD WHISKEY for less than 25c. a gallon. Fifty other valuable Formulae FREE. Huestis & Co., Dept. B, Jersey City, N. J

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

I PAY SPOT CASH FOR
MILITARY BOUNTY... LAND WARRANTS
issued to soldiers of any war. Also Soldiers' Additional Homestead Rights. Write me at once. FRANK H. REGER, Barth Block, DENVER, COLO

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FRENCH LICK WEST BADEN 25c

Forty years' experience in administering these waters has given the world a superior substitute in

RYAN'S FRENCH LICK PILLS

Same effect, same result is obtained at home. A priceless boon to debilitated or busy people, or to those living at a distance from the valley. 25 cents per box postpaid. Address,

FRENCH LICK DRUG CO.,
FRENCH LICK, IND.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A Million Dollars FOR A GOOD IDEA

Get an Idea. It May Be Worth a Fortune.

The most valuable possession in this world is a good idea rightly applied. The foundation of some of the largest fortunes started from a mere idea.

Only the best and brightest can win in a contest where all are competitors. The reward for a good idea goes to the one best equipped. Fit yourself for that which you are able to do best. In order to do so you must have an idea and understand the **Science of Business** and know the history of **Modern Achievement.**

Valuable ideas do not grow on trees. They come only from well developed brains. It takes careful reading and study to stimulate thought. That is the only way to get practical ideas. Profit by the advice and experience of Rich, Practical and Successful men, who have made their ideas the base of wealth and influence. Here is your opportunity. Meet it now.

This is not a correspondence school proposition, but something entirely new and more practical. Write a postal for full information, sent absolutely Free. Do it at once. **J. E. FELLERS & CO.** (Inc.), 355 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

MY MAMMA'S LAP.

I like t' play wif dollies, an' I like t' go t' school,
I like t' jump my skippin' rope in mornings when it's cool;
I like t' play go-visitun while dolly takes her nap,
But sometimes nuffin' else'll do but sit in mamma's lap.

I like t' climb th' peach three, an' I like' to make mud pies,
I like t' play wif puppy, an' I like a birfday s'prise;
I like t' go out ridin' and jist wear my little cap,
But when I'm tired an' sleepy, w'y, I want my mamma's lap.

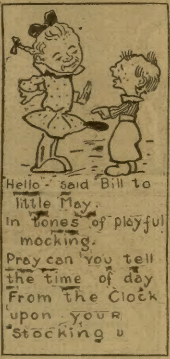
I like t' 'tend my playhouse—is th' finest place in town,
I like t' play big lady, wif long skirts a-hangin' down;
I like t' go t' Sunday school, an' wear my new silk wrap—
But when a lump gets in my froat I jist want mamma's lap.

Same as Old Clothes.

Harry, aged 5, had been telling the minister that his father had just got a new set of teeth.

"And what," asked the good man, patronizingly, "is he going to do with his old ones?"

"Oh," replied the little fellow, with a deep sigh, "I s'pose mamma will cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."


"Hello"- said Bill to little May.
In tones of playful mocking.
Pray can you tell the time of day
From the Clock upon your Stocking"

Make Yourself Wanted.

In an address reported in the daily newspapers, Secretary Shaw tells an incident that puts in half a dozen words the secrets of business success. A young clerk in a store, he said, asked for an increase in salary. The proprietor gave it to him. A little later the clerk asked for another raise. At first the owner was indignant; then, after thinking the matter over, he sent for his clerk and dismissed him.

"Young man," he said, "what you need is not more money, but more usefulness." Then he pointed out to him countless ways in which he might have done something for the company and had missed his opportunity—times when he had been careless or indifferent or ignorant.

"Every time," he concluded, "that a customer comes in and asks for you personally it counts for you and counts for the store. Your business is to make yourself wanted."

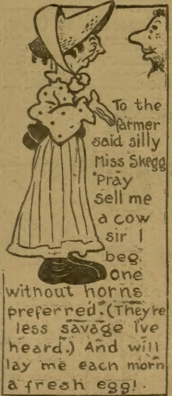
It is the secret of success in business; is it not also the secret of success every place in life? In the home, in the church, in the school, everywhere the one whose work is thorough and cheerful and enthusiastic is the one who is making the most of his life. "Make yourself wanted," and you will soon know the joy of solid success.

A Diplomatic Miss.

"I guess I'll marry Tommy Brown when I get growed up," said 4-year-old Margie.

"Why, do you really like him so much?" asked her mother.

"Oh, it isn't that," answered Margie, "but he likes the same kind of candy that I do."


To the farmer said silly Miss Skegg
"Pray Sell me a cow sir I beg
One without horns preferred. (They're less savage I've heard.)
And will lay me each morn a fresh egg!.

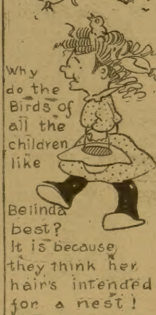
BYE-BYE TIME.

Bye-bye time, must go to bed,
On my pillow lay my head,
Say my prayers and kiss good-night,
Then mamma puts out the light.

I wonder where the light goes to,
I cannot guess; tell me, can you?
Perhaps it goes to Land of Dreams,
Where everything so curious seems.

In Land of Dreams I always play,
And do no work at all, all day;
In Land of Dreams there is no night,
So there, I think, must go the light,

Bye-bye time, must go to sleep,
Into Land of Dreams I'll creep,
Then when I wake, the sun I'll see,
Saying: "How do you do?" to me.


Why do the Birds of all the children like Belinda best?
It is because they think her hair's intended for a nest!

SEND NO MONEY
$10 DRESSES ANY MAN FROM HEAD TO FOOT
FREE SAMPLES AND MEASUREMENT BLANKS.

We make an up-to-date suit strictly to your measure in latest English Sack Style for only $10, and give the following complete outfit FREE and you don't pay for it until you receive the suit and Free Outfit, and find it just as represented. Send us your P. O. address and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of cloth, tape measure and measurement blanks, for size of Suit, Shoes, Hat, Etc., FREE.

A Suit of Clothes Made to Measure from any of the samples sent you, for which tailors would ask from $20 to	$[illegible]
A Dunlap Block, any shape Hat,	2.50
A pair stylish lace or Congress Shoes,	2.50
A Neat Percale Shirt,	1.25
A neat four-in-hand Bow or Puff Tie,	.50
A pair of good web Suspenders,	.50
A Jap Handkerchief,	.50
A pair extra quality Lyle Thread Socks,	.25
Many Dealers ask for this Outfit	$[illegible]

Send No Money. SAMPLES FREE Address
CHICAGO MFG. & MDSE. CO.
DEPT 233 97-99-91 Washington St. CHICAGO
Ref. Metropolitan Trust & Savings Bank. Capital $750,000.00, or any Express Company in Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

(Patented in 14 Countries)

OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN **Artificial Limbs**
EASE, COMFORT, ECONOMY, NO SHOCKS or NOISE, NATURAL MOTION, no CHAFING.
NEW ANKLE JOINT FELT FOOT SOCKETS | Write for valuable Book, FREE, and Directions for Treatment of stump. Our method fits most cases at a distance. Everything for the maimed.
The DORRFLINGER Artificial Limb Co. Dept. C 1
452 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
102 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WURLITZER
BRASS BAND
INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, ETC.
Reduced Prices. Don't buy until you see new 80-pp. Cat. B. MAILED FREE.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,
320 E. 4th St., CINCINNATI, O.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH
The Great Secret Writing System
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE

New Line, Fine Service.

Minneapolis and St. Paul

Fast "Limited" night train with stateroom and open-section sleeping car, buffet-library car, and free reclining chair car through without change. Dining car service. Address

A. H. HANSON, GEN'L PASS. AGENT
CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$5.50 STEM WIND
DUST PROOF STEM SET

ACCURATE AND DURABLE.

Genuine American movement, plainly marked 17 Jeweled. Adjusted. Nickel. Quick-train. Red ruby Jewels, in raised gilded settings. Exact model of movement required by Engineers and Railway employes. This movement in our 4-ounce LUZON SILVER, open-face, DUST AND DAMP PROOF case, which will retain its color and WEAR A LIFE TIME, is the best value known for Railway Men, Mechanics, Laborers, Farmers, Boys, and those requiring a strong and durable watch. CUT AD OUT. Give Post-office and Express Office. We send C. O. D. with privilege of examination at SPECIAL PRICE, $5.50 and express charges, with GOLD-FILLED CHAIN included. Order at once (Allen & Co. are reliable—ED.) Address, ALLEN & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 2 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WONDER BOOK

This book contains hundreds of wonderful things such as Fortune-telling, Puzzles, Dreams, Charm Omens, Lucky Signs, Astrology, Verses, Love Tokens, Physiology, Psychology. It is filled with valuable things. Don't buy fakes. This is the genuine. One book by mail, postpaid, 10 cents, 3 for 25 cts. Address

BLADAN LEJUR,
Room 401,
Boyce Building,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.